

CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1954

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HUNCHES AREN'T ALL HOOEY — page 16

NOTORIOUS ELOISA WAGNER — page 18



Published by Australian
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CAVALCADE

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NEXT MONTH

The days when an accident victim, a crook or a dislocated person was doomed to spend the rest of his life on invalid or rapidly declining standards have ended. "New Lives For Old," by Marcus McEwan, some devices have been granted an fantastic surroundings. "The Business of Divorce," in the article Rhys Brookhouse tells of the "Courage of The Larger-Hearted Men" of the world-wide who, Ray Marshall adds, "Who'd Be Ever Boast?" a lucid article, James Hollister comes to life with his usual crime fact, D'Arcy Nikolai is well to the fore with a grand fiction and there are the usual Cavalcade features.



Like a square dinner table,
the witch doctor calls the
men and women together.
Their feasting is unrestricted.

PETER HARDRAVES

The Fatal Feast

ONE of the most distinctive and interesting of wild tribes of Central Africa are the self-charybdis toothless, bone-drinking Bushmen. They have no pits in brewing, brewing and selling beer.

When they die their funeral is the product of hideous festiveness.

Obviously such plain ceremony is ruled by a chieftain, but his influence is secondary to that of the witch doctor. It consists of several thousand natives living together in a village of mud and grass huts.

The Bushmen had a tribe, and the tribes of the men are very plain. The women of whom each Bushman has about a dozen, as men do all the field work, tend and guard their large herds of cattle, and make and save the copious quantities of bacon from the man-

cornmeal. When not working at the ten swelling the liver does half ground gourds, the men boil. They wear no clothes except for a small loin-cloth of some animal. Around their necks they wear an armful from a pair of cords.

As hunting the Bushmen are非凡, more concerned with results than sport. Their weapons are spears and poison-tipped arrows, but they are generally used only to finish off the game.

The women have the job of digging deep gourd pits in the ground. The bottoms of the pits are studded with sharp points, with sharpened ends pointing upwards.

Slim sticks of reeds are laid over the top of the pit and covered with grass and leaves. The gourds fall into

the pits and are impaled on the sharpened points.

Watching women hasten back to the village and return the rest of the catch. It takes a while for them to squeeze up the indigestion to have the continued beer豪饮. When they do condescend to visit the grave pit, the deceased animal is generally half dead.

Another Bush hunting method is the wholesale slaughter of certain birds. The village turns out when when antelope or other game in large numbers are reported in the vicinity.

With age-old savagery, they are suspended and gradually driven down a swamp. As they become helplessly in the mud, they are destroyed quickly and easily with a spear thrust. The Bush women attach ropes to the bodies and haul them back to the village.

Everything is then suspended while the tribe gorges itself on the meat. They have no notion of preserving it. To their logical minds the best receptacle for it are their own stomachs. A Bush back thinks nothing of devouring the best part of a whole antelope in fifteen minutes.

The Bushmen, leading their lives of ease and non-complaining, have time for the observance of all the usual customs. They are regarded as the most courteous of all Africa natives. They have developed and observe a prodigious code of good manners.

But they haven't always been as courteous. As part of the warlike tribes they once were conflict with the British in 1879. At first the war was undertaken for the British troops, but in July of that year a general engagement took place at Ulundi and the power of the Zulus was completely crushed.

Ultimately the Bushes took over a portion of the country, while the remaining portion was annexed by the British in 1887 and in 1897 was incorporated with Natal.

Their respect for others' feelings has made them experts here. It has become second nature with them even amongst themselves, their most frequent expression is "Without," meaning, "You're a liar." However it is used more in an affectionate than a derogatory way.

The Bush is such a low type he cannot tell you his own name. When ever a white man asks him what he is called, he answers a favorite bird—either to keep in practice from a spirit of fun or just for the hell of it.

Despite their good manners however, all the Bushes are addicted to bad language. Their vocabulary of curses and swearwords is an enormous one and some of them can keep up a continuous barrage of obscenity and invective for so long as an hour.

The have a mouth like a pouch of a starf, and their nose turns up like a wild pig's, six out of the twelve expressives. The strongest are the blustering lo repit.

Other idiosyncrasies of the Bush men are long fingernails (for they do not have to do much work), and the absence of front teeth in their upper jaw.

No white man has been able to discover the reason why these four teeth are knocked out in boyhood. A special office of the tribe performs the rite of painfully and humorously as he can. The boy squats on his feet, puts his head between the "Master's" knees and unless so sound in the teeth are loosened and then knocked out with an iron wedge.

There is no compunction about the pitch savagery. Each boy submits

unconsciously and discretely. It is thought that he is not considered capable of growing to strong and virile manhood until he has lost them.

In the memory of that north civilization the Baulas resemble savagery of the Australian aborigines. To them it is considered a mark of manhood to have the body well-knotted, one. They normally have courage and in the matter of destroy they show up their adopted brothers, who dread the disease, even with the pain-relieving drugs used by the white men.

Life in each Baula community is violent around the witch doctor. He is not only the most powerful, but the most parasitic and callous of all.

Unlike the other Baula men, the巫 doctor wears a variety of different costumes. One of the most distinctive is that which they don when impersonating the all-important funeral ceremony, a second life organized mainly in which the Baula looks forward all the days of his life.

The most impressive note in the funeral regalia of the巫 doctor is the headpiece. It consists of a leather girdle, to which is attached a thick fringe of animal hair. The hair are twisted with glue to make them stand erect.

Another girdle encircles his neck. To it are attached a dozen or so small horns. No other Baula, even the chief, is permitted to wear more than one horn around his neck.

Generally the巫 doctor's dress is bare. Occasionally, showing an even more distinctive effect, he steals at night blankets of white cotton.

Around his waist is another girdle. From it hangs strips of leopard, hyena and even cat skin. These

reach to the knee. Around each of his legs is another girdle with a similar fringe of skins. Around his ankles are strings of dried and pods, which rattle and jingle as he walks. To complete the effect, as he lives the巫 doctor carries, in his badge of office, the end of a knapped spear.

Even though they have now come under the dominion of whites with different ideas, wonder is still seen throughout the tribe. The old men think no more of it than sheeting a rabbit. His only reason is to keep himself a distance from the巫 doctor in power himself from the dead man's ghost if it becomes impatient and angry at any delay in being born again.

Similarly, also, is accounted among Baula men of their personal personality, beauty or worthiness. Before taking his life, the would-be suicide pays a fee to the巫 doctor and receives a wealthy inheritance or chattels which he would like as a father to his next incarnation.

The巫 doctor moreover wears tweed-pants, and the steps goes off to perform the deed. He is convinced he will see it back at the body of the dead son home to his chosen "father".

Every funeral of a Baula man leaves a feast. But with women it is different. When they die, they are buried with a hole in the ground and deposited there raw meat to accumulate cattle during his lifetime to permit the resurrected at his funeral to stuff themselves entirely with the meat half-cooked meat.

There is no mounting and wringing for the dead man, except by his wife. They are forced to wait for hours and take turns in hugging his dead body in sorrowing.

Meanwhile the rest of the Baula men deck themselves with stones and clay and dance about in confusion and fun to come.

The wives have to perform the sexual barrel—after the巫 doctor places the corpse's hand to make it look like that of a newborn baby.

Some of the wives carry the dead body to the river to wash it; others dig the grave, others chant psalms of praise to the powers in a handkerchief.

When the grave is ready, it is filled with the skin of some of his cattle killed for the feast. A small stool is placed on it on which is not his hand.

The corpse is finally handed down. It is arranged by a couple of wives standing in the grave on the side on which the deceased sleeps. The relatives then come forward with gifts to be buried with him—manioc, a gourd of beer, a trayful of cattle liver.

The wives hurry to kill in the grave, for the time of the feast is now at hand. All the cattle have been killed.

Burial—sets removed from houses during the funeral feast. They may speak to no one without being spoken to first. They join their husbands and all gorge in consumo every song of meat on the dead man's cattle. They wash it down with as much beer as they can consume without being sick.

In a few hours the feast is over. Darkness falls. Fire are lighted. Drums begin to beat and herald the funeral dance.

Men and women gather on opposite sides of the village square. The drummers sit behind them, thumping on wood canons that suddenly burst into the dance quiescent.

In the center stands the巫 doctor. He sits in master of cere monies, dictating and encouraging the movements like a square dance caller.

"Come, come," he chants, "select your partner and go take her out."

Men and women prance before each other. Groans and shout almost drown the drums. Foot tap rhythmically, hands clap, eyes blink in wild excitement.

The巫 doctor reaches a fever pitch of excitement. He jumps, screams and roars.

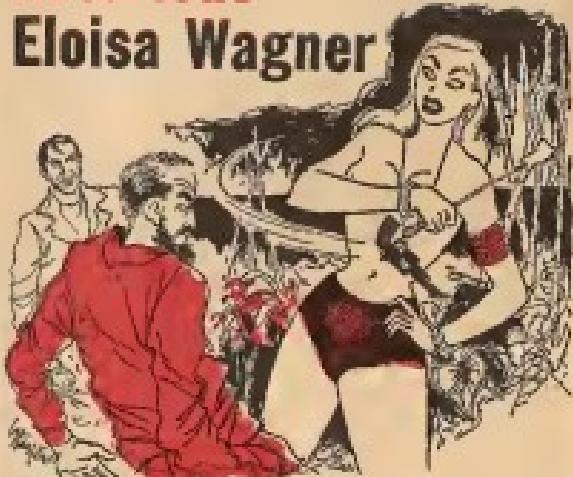
Fundamental breaks out. For the first time the dances touch each other. The巫 doctor withdraws. The wives can no longer be heard above the din.

Until dawn the Baulas are transformed into savage savagery. The next day the same occurs in their courtesy and beer drinking. The women are very much mixed down to the Baula custom until the next funeral.



A BAULÀ CHIEF

Notorious Eloisa Wagner



GUS SORENSEN

She called herself Empress of Floresas, but she ruled only two men—with a whip and a gun.

BARONESS Eloisa Wagner was her name. She was also known as "The Spider." She was a strange woman who enticed men into her web. A handsome platinum blonde, she lived for a time—but did not leave it alive—on the sun-drenched island of Floresas in the Galapagos.

Her royal domain on the island was built at the extreme. From a veil around her neck dangled a revolver. In her right hand she carried a riding crop. Many times she crept down and lay on Phillipson, and

Lorenzo, the two men she had brought to Floresas with her. In a frenzied fit, fanned from some pent rage, she would beat them unmercifully with it.

Then, suddenly after, an amazing calm would come over the Baroness. Her emotional storm abated, she returned to soothing voice and caressing hands to Phillipson.

Phillipson, an Edomita, was a small man with about as much strength as a mouse. Nor is a mouse would be a match for Phillip-

son. The Baroness knew that and it was this cruel streak in her that brought about a sorry triangle.

She had the two men in her power because Phillipson was under the thumb of Lorenzo.

Once, when she was in one of her tantrums she played up to Lorenzo while Phillipson was present. He became angry, spat out a curse and drove it in his fist so hard ready to strike her. She covered him with her gun and struck him across the shoulder with the whip. He ran out of the room like a frightened man she called him to her. He came away from the corner slowly and stood in front of her. She looked him up and down. Then in a surging voice said: "You miserable hunting swine! Why do I even consider you?"

With a shove she sent him flying through the door. She followed him outside and her married strength sent out as she watched the Edomita being beaten into unconsciousness by Phillipson.

Baroness Wagner's next door neighbour was Dr. Friedrich Ritter. It was his choice of an isolated craggy rock island which situated the Baroness in Floresas that stimulated the pure interest in the Baroness and love of others.

Ritter was a German. His profession, a doctor and physician. His plan, to abandon mankind and with his peace and solitude on Galapagos, was given plenty of publicity in the *Continent* and in America.

The doctor had no intention of being lonely, even though life for one as a desert island could be described as lonely—and would be by any definition. A former patient whom he made his wife accompanied him.

None (for that was her name) was kept along on the Island of the

doctor's cohenssance, and agreed to share his Edes.

Cutting all ties with the world they knew, the pair set out for Floresas.

Before he went away, Ritter said "I want to be released from all contact with the world. I hope never to have a neighbor. That is why I have chosen Floresas as my Ultima Thule. Of our own free will and choice we are going into exile to seek, in the solitude of an almost deserted island in the Pacific, the independence powers to the human race, which are denied to us by the complexities of modern life."

Ritter and his wife suffered many hardships during their first few months on the ungrateful island. But with their struggle over, the two settled down, were very happy the way everything had turned out and the doctor filled in a lot of his time writing a book on philosophy.

A pleasure boat called, and back in the civilized world the passengers related the story of the second Adam and Eve.

Fascinated and delighted that to get away from it all could really be done, people wrote to Ritter and told him they would like to join him and let us be writing him.

They followed their leader by arriving on Floresas Ritter with an expression of a near-to-nature life, they had him and domesticated themselves in awe, but none had the courage and spirit of Ritter and his wife.

They soon discovered that Floresas was not a Paradise, but a miserable, lonely, wasted and sea-swept place. With dreams and hopes shattered, they left.

Ritter stayed. It didn't matter to him if they stayed or not. He was at no loss for their company. He

was content and he was not now content with anyone else.

One day he called his wife to the door and said "Look, we have company. I wonder how long they will stay?"

Striding towards her house was the Norwegian. She was accompanied by Phillipsen and Lorentz.

The doctor made no remarks. He eyed her coldly. She was the first to speak. "Doctor Ritter, we hoped to speak about you and your life here that we decided to try it."

Ritter didn't encourage a conversation, but wished them good luck and that their dog would be successful to be captured. Already he had a premonition about the woman, and in the weeks that followed he couldn't shake off the feeling and disgust for her. The behaviour of the woman had brought back to him pictures of the world he had left. The world he wanted so far gone. And calling himself the Emperor of Ethiopia! Ritter laughed faintly.

She told nothing to the world that Lorentz was her companion and it was entirely in her power who could stay and who could not. A Norwegian called there and the Norwegian told him to leave. He struck gold on his shoulders and told her that he will not return to taking orders from women. Her body shaking with rage, she grabbed at him, and leveling the revolver, fired. The bullet missed, but the Norwegian was wise enough not to argue with a crazy woman who meant business with her hand and he lost no time leaving.

She never called on the doctor after her first visit, and he didn't see much of her, but he was often awakened at night by her high-pitched laughter, her sound flow of curses and wild screams.

Now and then, Lorentz would come to see Ritter. The doctor was very fair the patriotic figure before him. Blushed like a dwarf, with despondent eyes, an apprehensive expression on his swollen face, the Norwegian was a pitiable sight.

There were tears in his eyes when in one visit to Ritter, he said: "I must get away, away from that demon of a woman and that brute Phillipsen."

Ritter placed a hand on his shoulder and said "What have they done to you?"

"They beat me, both of them," Lorentz wailed.

One afternoon, stretching hopefully after a dose in the sun, the Norwegian saw a carriage on the sidewalk. His mouth turned into a crooked smile and his hand played on the gun.

He stared hard at the good-looking young man, then the bitter smile was gone and she let the gun fall from his grasp.

She called for Phillipsen and said "Go and get her."

He looked suddenly at her and made no effort to obey, so out her order she whipped up her revolver and cocked it. Phillipsen had a quick change of mind.

The man standing before her said his name was Arneks. He was a Norweigan.

She smiled sweetly at him, came close to him and kissed him. Then putting her arm around him, took him to the house.

Lorentz, in a jealous fit told her exactly what he thought of her. Shaking with temper, she brought the crop across his face. Blistered with pain, he took out his revenge by beating up Lorentz.

The Norwegian next tried her charms on the friend of a journalist who had come to interview her for his paper. She sang songs with the reporter and she concentrated on the writer's friend. There she made little impression and he finally told her she was wasting her time on him.

Not long after, Ritter was interrupted with his writing by a knock on his door. He called out to the person to come in. Before his little speech the journalist, pale and shaking, he said that Arneks had been shot. They found the Dane still alive and an agony from a wound in his stomach. He recovered after hospital treatment at Geysa and quid.

The Norwegian smiled slyly and blamed the shooting on Lorentz. But Ritter knew that she was the only one among the party in possession of firearms, and he concluded, after questioning the journalist as to where they were standing at the time of the shooting that the shot was intended for the journalist's friend and the Dane was unfortunate in receiving it.

Ritter was becoming used to the presence of the Norwegian and he paid little attention to the scenes he listed out elsewhere. The first clue he got that something was wrong was when Lorentz visited him. He was a changed man, happy and at ease. Evidently he told the doctor that he would be married no more by Phillipsen and the Norwegian who had left the island by ship.

Ritter became alarmed and expected the worst when Lorentz showed him the collection of jewelry belonging to the Norwegian which Lorentz said he was going to sell.

The doctor didn't question Lorentz,

DIPLOMACY

The young bride looked in the general store, "Buy me that lovely bracelet," said she. He shook his head. "I'd have to move more—And I would not if I could," said he. She glared as though she had lost her love, "Why wouldn't you?" she demanded, snorting. "Because it isn't good enough for you, my dove." She snorted and whispered, "Oh, you darling."

—A.H.-H.

but he thought about her plenty.

The worn look was gone from his face, his body was erect and his eyes sparkled. Why?

Ritter tried to find the answer to these questions by investigating the house and its surroundings. He found nothing.

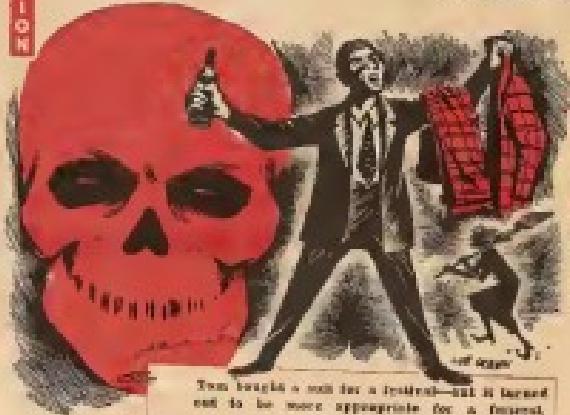
When the sailing boat, that carried freight and passengers between the islands arrived at Flores in the summer of 1934, Lorentz joined it.

He persuaded the Norwegian shipper to take him to Wrangell Bay where he could get a ship which would transport him to Grays Harbor. They never made it. The typhus fever ran rampant there all that winter and they were washed ashore on waterless Marchant.

It was an American fishing boat that found their corpses, but with the Norwegian and Phillipsen, there has been no man and there is nothing to support Lorentz's story that they ever left the island of Flores.

The Troublesome New Suit

CARL HENNING



Tom bought a suit for a festival—and it turned out to be more appropriate for a funeral.

HE walked slowly toward town, a teetotaler farmer with face and features equally grey and wrinkled; and for the first time in years the evening air nestled round his nostrils.

Following the curving shoulder of the road, he made the last slow turn, and there, just ahead, he saw the lights of the town. His shoulders straightened and he walked faster. The lights began taking shape. He could distinguish the round stars of the street lamps from the bright rectangles of the store windows now.

He broke into a half trot. The

lights bobbed over the flailing feet, toppling dust up from the road.

He reached Main Street and he was like a boy at the circus. His eyes darted everywhere. He stopped to gaze at every store window. Passersby saw him and wrinkled their brows in wonderment.

"Hi, Danforth," someone said, and his response was muted and shy, as though he'd just come from a place where folks never greeted each other friendly.

Then he saw it, and gazing he knew at last why he had been drawn to town that night.

He broke into a full trot. The

12 CAVALCADE, August, 1954

It was a suit in the window of Sam Marlow's store. Only a suit, but the bright checks and the gay plaid set his heart dancing. Slowly, shuffling, like a boy walking toward a cookie jar he knows he shouldn't touch, he drew closer and closer, till at last his gaunt hands were pressed against the glass.

The eyes stared and waited at the store window. He saw a bare dance lesson with the little skipping rope and the girls laughing, their up-swing socks powder white, while the men dressed from jags in the shadow just outside and exchanged neighborly talk and hearty greetings everywhere. Like a summer's great light through all the image pictures—he checked out in the window!

How long he would have stayed there dawdling, if Old Sam Marlow hadn't stepped out of the store, no body can tell.

Old Sam had opened shop in 1910 when there were only four-room houses plus the post office. But as the town grew, the range of Old Sam's goods increased. He specialized in men's suits and men's hats and men's laundry. Anybody wanted to know any gospers on Lincolncroft, they just asked Sam Marlow.

"Well, well," Old Sam said. "Ain't it Tom Danforth Drunk?" Old Sam's eyes suddenly narrowed. A moment passed, then he asked softly, "Haven you, my friend?"

Roughly, Tom Danforth turned from the vibrantly-colored suit in the window. "Thank you," he said. "Right well, Mr. Marlow."

Old Sam cracked his bold staring hold. "And the reason?" he asked.

"Kiss—Kiss's taken to bed."

Old Sam frowned. "She doing poorly? I hadn't heard no talk about it."

"No, Ma, Marlow—just nothing bad she could use a rest. There's not

no such work for one man on the farm just the chores, now the crops are in. So she's up and crawled into bed."

Old Sam nodded slowly, then has face creased into a frown. "You're not planning to buy anything?" he said, his voice faintly burrred with worry.

Tom Danforth looked back at the suit. The checks danced before his eyes. He had never seen such looks before. His face crunched slowly. He was seeing black, groped by dust, and his elbows and his knees were pranced with black.

"How much is that suit?" he asked suddenly.

"Old Sam sighed nonchalantly. When he spoke, he spoke very slowly. "Thirty dollars."

Tom Danforth took a deep breath. "Can say that?" he asked.

"Can I have," Old Sam said. Then Old Sam shook his head wistfully. "Maybe you won some blue to that, Tom, Tom?"

The press creaked on Tom Danforth's suit. "If you put my suit," he said deliberately, "I'm going to be big it." Then he sealed a queer related smile. Always wanted a suit with a spot of colour, he said.

Now it was two months later, and Tom Danforth was sitting on the sheriff's office. Outside, the wind was howling, but inside, sweet lips trilling down Tom Danforth face.

The sheriff was an older man than Tom. He was tall and broad, and he had a coarse red face. You could see that he'd once beat Tom and he wasn't enjoying what he had to do.

"You shouldn't sit, Tom . . ." he said.

Tom yawned and shrugged his shoulders. "She was dead," he said. "My Kite was a regular old she-devil. She kept me like they keep the boys on the road gangs. You

couldn't see the chance, but they were there."

The sheriff touched his lips together and shook his head.

"Man here always had the streak in him," Tom said, "but it come out proper and a yard wide after the baby died. That was twenty-three years ago. We had one baby, a boy, name of Robert—died of pneumonia at the age of eleven months, and she like to wear out of her hand."

"She showed me. Her hand caught a glimpse from a window I'd left open. Made me keep reverting always all these years, memory-thins of them—tired not so far from book it for a second. Nothing but work. Never a day for fun. You remember how wild a young one I was—shoved spaces even Sunday night, dancing and

drinking with the best of them. And here I was always working and praying and wearing black clothes and looking so dismal."

Tom Daniels' face began to wrinkle and he beat the arms of his chair with his fist. "It was too much for a body to stand," he said hotly. "She used to have fits if she caught me drinking plain cider or even smoking sometimes. I'd get more than my fill down the jug and I'd run off to sleep just run down the road, yelling and hollering—but I can't even remember what I'd do once I got there. I'd get back, and she'd be waiting for me with a half-whip."

"All that time I never touched her, but once. I kept hollering. Got no, at last, I guess I shot over crazy too

"She came at me that night, screaming and waving a knife. I let her have it at the head with the jug I'd been drinking from."

"I'd hit her in a fit of anger without saving my strength, and when I bent down to help her to her feet, I saw she was dead."

"I hit her. I killed her. I'm not the killing sort. Kari'd been married to the house, but before the baby, she had her spurs of fun and even did just like everybody else. They thought when I'd do once I got there I'd get back, and she'd be waiting for me with a half-whip."

"I thought that, and I like to think . . ."

"Then I turned her out as the patient between the sheets where you sleep up I and prayed over her and wished her forgiveness."

"Afterwards I thought up a story about how I'd make her husband should gone visiting her kin in Chicago. I had it all planned out. The farm's a good distance from town. Vulture could never see go, using the State Highway, and never come through the town itself. So I'd say Kari's sister came and took her visiting. And after time passed—three months or more—I'd say a letter come saying she'd died—and that her sister wanted to bury her in Chicago."

"That was my plan. And as those went by, I was sure it would work, one night I hadn't even said a word yet to anyone about the letter, when suddenly you came around—!"

Tom Daniels was sobbing now, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket. The tears caused the vibrant-colored checked material to glisten with damp splashes. Suddenly he looked up with widening eyes.

"How you know to come around and do all that digging?" he asked.

"Old Sam Marlow," the sheriff said. "What he told me."

Tom Daniels frowned pensively. "Sam Marlow? How'd he come to know?"

The sheriff walked slowly to the door. He clicked it open and walked through it softly. "Mr. Marlow."

Old Sam stepped into the office, his face white with cold and worry. He looked questioningly at the sheriff, then quickly raised his hand, as though he wanted his unasked question to remain unanswered.

"Mr. Marlow," the sheriff said, "tell Tom Daniels what you told me."

"Old Sam looked oddly at Tom. "You brought the bright-colored mat when you were cold," he said. "And Kate never brought it back."

"You think his bond? 'Bring it back! Bring it back!'"

"Old Sam's eyes met the Sheriff's, then still back to Tom's. "I always thought you didn't know what you were up to. Tom Daniels, when you come to my store three times in the past year, bargained up worse than any auto I've ever seen. You walked in every time, coming and going, and you bought a mat. Any color but black," you said."

"Not," Tom said drowsily.

"Tep!" Old Sam's voice dropped to a slow hoarse whisper. "Then, every time, like clockwork, Kate brought the rug back the next day, cleaned and rearranged, and I gave her credit for second-best. And then I always knew you were back to visiting morning again."

"Tom moaned. "I never remembered afterwards. Just the whippings when I got home—that's all I remembered!"

"And that last time?" Old Sam said again. "You were cold sober when you bought the rug, and poor Kate never carried it back."

"Tom moaned and crooked his face in his hands.

"You see," the sheriff said softly, "you see why I started digging . . ."



"I'd recognize you anywhere from Roger's description. Fat, elderly, very late, buck teeth, bad legs—"

Crime Capsules

HOSPITALITY

Back in 1887, in the days of the Wild West of America, cattle thieves did not always break on the end of a rope. One struck a robbery were, got a fatal trial and was sentenced to three months in gaol. Thus it was discovered that Kern County, where he was sentenced, did not have a gaol, so the convicted man was lodged in the Western Hotel in Bakersfield. At the end of one week, all gaol was removed. At the end of two months the sheriff was pleading with the prisoner to escape from the state that wished. He had been given three months helping, he said, and he intended using up every hour of it. He did. That was the end of the uniform wave.

ABRADE

Last year at Hyde Park, London, at a party of old soldiers, Edward Johnston wore 30 medals. The Queen, who was inspecting the parade, noticed the array and asked questions. Johnston proudly told her that one medal predicated that he was at Kharozen in 1858, another that he was at the relief of Peking, in 1860 and a third that he was at the Battle of Ladysmith, also in 1899. Other guests showed that he had served on the North West Frontier of India in 1861,

in Burma and eight through World War I. The Queen was impressed so were officers of the Royal Horse Guards, who also questioned Johnston. It appeared the only service Johnston had done was 31 years in Bakersfield Criminal Lunatic Asylum. He was freed £3.

A DOG'S LIFE

In Texas, U.S.A. a dyke and his dog were lodged in gaol. A couple of hours later the man's wife paid a visit to the gaol, released the dog and let her husband stay where he was. Who was in the doghouse?

NO CHANGE

A prisoner escaped from Maryland gaol and was racing for two months before he was recaptured. When asked about his escape, he explained that he had bitten off a track while at work around the woods and didn't telephone because he did not have a radio.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

A woman arrested in Washington for participating in a plot to kill her husband, was released on 1,000 dollar bond—bribed by her husband.



*blonde
before
the
mast*



A former *Cavalcade* model, Diana Williams has brought her lovely beauty, her soft golden hair and her bewitching smile to Hollywood. Here she tests the water. Will she swim or sink?

Evidently the water was too cool for swimming, but the sun was warm, so Donna decided to board her yacht. She isn't afraid of a wet suit. In fact, at sailing the is quite wonderful!

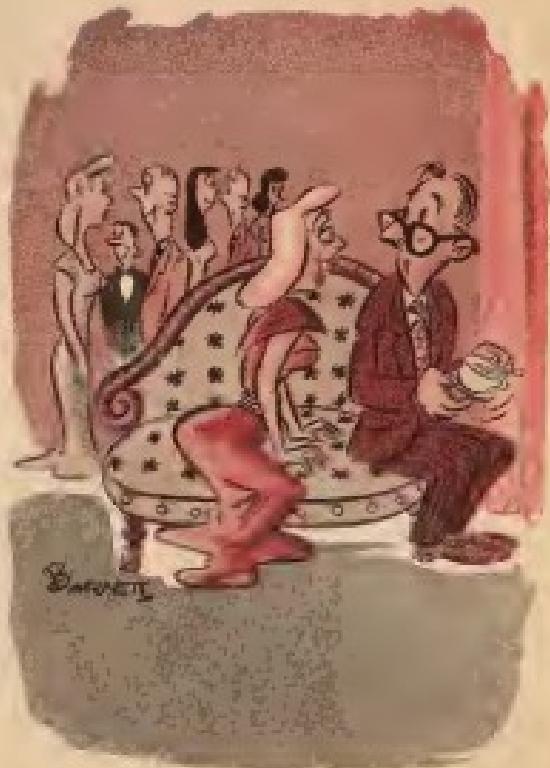


Considered a natural cover girl by the photographers who find her delightful from any angle, Donna has a 38 bust, 23 waist, 36 hips, 11 1/2" tall and weighs 115 pounds. With a figure like that any girl would Donna outglisten suit.



Treasure Hunters of TIME

MARINA McEWAN



"For the intellectual type, Mr. Fetherby . . . I have to roll up with a good bookworm."

When a man uncovered treasures from a centuries-old city, he started a fury of amateur archaeologists

THE thorny scrub dotted here and there with the luring gold of cactus, had been unearthened by human hands for centuries. It remained as suddenly as the hardened young men armed with pickax, shovels and cap, their skin and hands were soggy with sweat and streaked with blood from countless scratches before they reached the spot marked X.

They emerged from the living earth, out as to a gassy bank overlooking the Tyrrhenian Sea. Unseen orange and accents dotted the clearing and in places fragrances of walk had escaped the encroachment of the vegetation.

"Probably nothing but the ruins of a 16th century villa," guessed the leader. "But this is supposed to be the spot, boys. Half an hour now before we start digging."

As hot here the young men from the American Academy in Rome could not have been more excited if they had discovered the fabulous lost city of Captain Kidd himself. The traces of a 10th century villa formed out to be portions of the original walling wall which surrounded the Roman naval base of Cumae 200 years before the birth of Christ. Under a few feet of sand were the buildings of the town itself.

The terrible remains of a grid or roadway the Capuchin Jupiter, the



cause terrorist series of a temple, and the complete foundation of a library or workshop might not have treasures more to you or me but to archeologists, bury passing to gather the pieces of the past, every fragment recovered at Cumae was better than gold or rubies.

They had found the town of which very wares, which supplied Caesar with 200 ships during his war with Pompey, and which, before Roman greatness had guarded the harbored ships of Roman masters.

Local treasure tree would surprise the professional citizen of Italy well-versed and these days, but a certain Agustus Aventus carried a gold-rich quick rush by amateur archaeologist back in 1882. While looking for stones to cover a road on his property, Agustus Aventus dug up a sarcophagus which, he knew, would yield the type of stone he needed. When he struck a large slab of soft rock, already part of the ceiling of a tomb, he made a hole and looked in and "There I beheld a woman stretched on a couch of rock and in a few minutes I saw her vanish as a wisp under my eyes for as the atmosphere creased the atmosphere the woman, thoroughly coquettish, quizzed every tiny morsel particle."

Although the warrior remained unconcerned about the household treasure which had been laid to rest with him more than 2000 years before, remained to indicate his rank and wealth. As well as robes and drinking goblets of rare beauty, jewelry of gold and unpolished stones, and a golden diadem wreath with fillets, which was the emblem of an Etruscan warlike king, were recovered from the tomb.

Laid down in Tuscany and around Rome who had previously assumed, or considered as a residence, the burial hallows on their land, began now

lay claim open for the wealth they contained. Three several Etruscans who possessed property in Italy at the time developed a passion for antiques shops. Articles of little intrinsic value, but precious to the antiques dealers of past time were snatched and devoured. Only the gold and jeweled girdles and the best art works were taken. This loot did not find its way into museums for the benefit of the public. Most pieces were broken up, or melted for picture glass, covered over the world, and lost.

Sister Amrita's discovery, however, gave rise to all subsequent discoveries about Tarquinia, capital of the Etrusca empire and birthplace of the Tarquin emperors of Rome.

Despite long research the archaeologists still only guess at the origin of the household tableware. No single history book has been found to their writings, and all the magnificence they left behind cannot conceal. Their empire, which included most of central Italy, had reached a cultural and artistic peak when Romulus was still being suckled by the she-wolf, and their capital supplied Rome with the short-lived but long-reverberated dynasty of the Tarquins. A woman.

A last, of course, was the downfall of that beauty and its Tarquin empire. She was Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, a general in the army of Romulus. Queen of the empire.

Lucretia stabbed herself; the horrified populace drove the Tarquin family into exile and with typical Etruscan thoroughness set about slaying the entire civilization.

Through Lucretia's virtue and Lucretia's pernicious the Etruscan cities of the living were led to perdition. On the site from which Tarquinia originated, the sea there is now a walled village of patched mudbricks and torn collied stones

The women, now still with traces of Etruscan beauty, do their weekly wash in the banks of the Tiber and the ancient gods, unceasingly losing the bay whenever a water vessel is cast into the Etruscan basin ground on the neighbouring river.

Luckily for the archeologists the Etruscans like the Egyptians, believed that death was merely a doorway to another life where a man would be more comfortable if he took his worldly possessions with him. After the government stopped wholesale looting of the caskets of the dead, sufficient treasures were discovered to fill a museum in Rome—shields and spearheads of bronze, tall, curved helmets with wings on either side which must have made the warriors look like gods or supermen, great iron battle axes, enormous polished metal and beaten and polished ray shields, women would be proud to wear.

The drainage on the breast funerary was supplied an excess of information on the lives once enjoyed by their citizens. Always their painted men and women are accompanied by the guardian angels, of good and evil genii, which were supposed to guide their destiny. These genii, were high trekkers, short noses and elegant wings spreading from their shoulder-blades. Hence over the heads of their pretenders and look like distant relatives of the angels who guard Sylphons. Frequently they fought between themselves over whom their charges should be urged into a good deed or a bad so it might be presumed that many Etruscans suffered from schizophrenia.

Any day the archeologists would like to get it but cannot because of the meteorologic ways of ancient wrecks at war. In Sybaris. One of the most famous places of the

The retired and very elderly professor who lived alone was thought to be in little case. One lady is now sure of it. She saw him watering the garden recently — at least, that is what she thought he was supposed to be doing, but she discovered there was no water coming out of the watering can. She called to him, "Professor there is no water to your watering can." The professor looked up with a smile. "That is O.K.," he said. "There are artificial flowers."

ancient world, Sybaris remains part of our language in the word *sybarite* meaning a person devoted to luxury and soft living.

In the days when Sybaris, founded by the Greeks 2500 years ago, was a thriving port on the Gulf of Taranto, its streets were shaded by tall, aromatic trees the olive, the olive, orange and lemon. The children played all to school and in royal purple robes with golden chaplets about their shiny-brown hair.

Parties were thrown so often that it was necessary to send out banquet invitations a year ahead to have sufficient guests. Naturally houses tried to outdo each other in the number of food and drink became such expensive people that the best cook of the year was awarded a gold crown.

With as much relish to be enjoyed and so many banquets to be hosted every day a few well placed banquets all cooks, blacksmiths and other nose-pickers outside the city walls as that the citizens could

sleep each morning. A very good idea. In 300 B.C. the inhabitants of the neighboring Greek city of Corinth made war on Syracuse and, by silting the course of the river Cratere, flooded the pleasure bay.

A brother in that region is quite likely to meet disgruntled archaeologists poring round a vanished village on the banks of the Cratere. They necessarily possess a jewelled dagger or amethyst bell of some and from frustrated dreams about the wealthy city which they are excavating, have buried beneath the alluvium and washed down by the river. Unscrupulously hunting for the treasures of Syracuse's past is a money-spending rather than a money-making business and no government has been willing to finance a search for Sybaris.

Charismatic Mussolini willingly expended large sums in digging up the past glories of Italy. He made possible the discovery of Hercu-

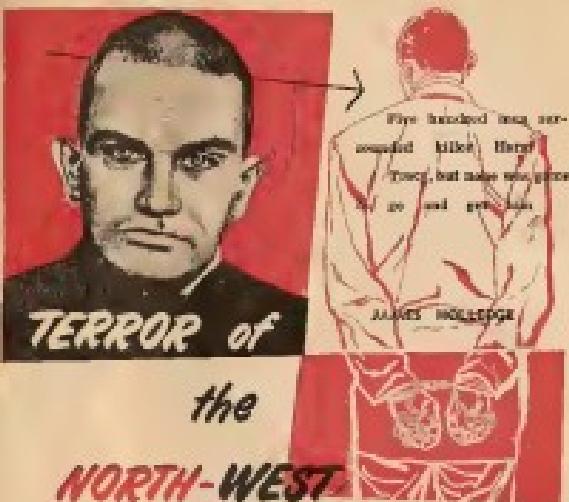
lum and poured several millions of lire into the dredging of Lake Nemi near Rome so that presently right now the pleasure barge is which the Emperor Caligula, his mistresses and Roman gallant matrons sailed on ancient nights.

During the last war some unknown boorish son of a street hit on the two historic cults and archaeologists complain that Mussolini's money might have been better spent on their dreams of Sybaris.

Ever since of the last century, looking for sensational artifacts, issued a lot of valuable evidence on the rubbish heap. Modern scholars, therefore, go carefully over old workings like prospectors on an unclaimed goldfield. They sit at camp in the rugged mountains for the sake of a few marble fragments, dried amphoras, and even go down in diving suits off the living coast, in search of the sunken heritage of the past.



"She certainly adds color to a party."



AMERICA'S greatest murder case is an old悬案 during the night of August 8, 1922. Hundreds of hoodwinked gunmen had cornered their quarry in a wheatfield on a lonely farm in Washington state. The wheat was high and concealing. In it sheltered a lad, running, staggering, hideously maimed Harry Tracy. With an unbroken dozen bullets in his gun, he was the most wanted outlaw in the country.

Completely surrounded, there was no way out for him. Yet, such was the nerve of the young man of Harry Tracy, not one of the gunmen considered going in to get him. Fire-banded men crowded west

ing, not quite sure of the next move.

Before dawn crept over the acres, a single shot rang out from the wheatfield. Still not a man moved. It was 20 hours before a group of them managed courage to go in and face the corpse of Harry Tracy.

Wounded and maimed, the outlaw had killed himself with a single bullet through the brain.

The story of Harry Tracy is well paralleled in the crime history of the old Wild West. Neither Jesse James, the Dalton, the Younger, nor any other of the notorious villains of the time can match his dare-devil traps and ruthless killing.

For years he was cited behind

law. From time he cracked law was set apart. He was the heart of a starting dance hall queen, cook her brother into partnership and killed him without compensation when he suspected him of working a double cross.

The authorities put a price of \$200 dollars on his head. Tracy maintained by forcing them to have him on both land and water. He stole a moccasin branch, so he could run up to the walls of an island prison and take pot shots at the guards patrolling there.

He dodged and fought off a score of posse over 400 miles of the rough country in the United States.

Tracy's career really commenced in 1899. Then he was living in Seattle, under the real name of Harry Evermann. Obviously he was honest and hard working. He was an apprentice engineer on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In another part of Seattle, that existed "below the line," the world of dance halls, saloons, gambling dens and Harvey houses, the young would-be engineer was a different personality. There he was a identified underworld man, living on his fast pony horses. Among the crooks, gamblers and good-time girls, he was known as "Tommy Blue." He was keeping his position hid by a series of broken relationships from hotel bedrooms.

The police eventually discovered his illegal activities. They had no direct evidence, but were sufficiently sure of their grounds to order young Tommy Blue to get out of town.

"I'll get out when I'm good and ready," promised Evermann. "No cop can tell me what to do or not to do."

However, constant surveillance by the police proved evident. He dived

off to take the advice. Under the name of Harry Tracy, he turned up in the Mexican state of San Luis Potosi. He remained in old lands of small time theft — but not so successfully.

In the spring of 1897, Harry Tracy was reassigned to a year's surprise work for robbery in the Utah State Penitentiary. He began to plan the first of the sensational capers that were to make him famous.

After serving about two months, he won the confidence of a prison guard from him he secured a piece of pose and the use of a pick lock. "I'm going crazy with nothing to do," complained Tracy. "Let me write some of my time away."

On the morning of October 8, 1897, Harry Tracy and three others, supposedly more dangerous criminals who resided outside the walls to work in a nearby rock quarry. Tracy deliberately left his shoes under a rock and prettily called the guard over to look at it.

As the man bent down, he felt what he took to be a gun pointed into his ribs. Not until he had been relieved of his shotgun did he realize that he had been tricked with a piece of carved wood.

Harry Tracy stood watch with the semi-considerable shotgun. The three other inmates — Sonman, Johnson and David East — stripped the guard of his uniform. Tracy dressed it while they bound and gagged the man and dumped him in a ditch.

The four escapees made straight for the notorious "Hole in the Wall" hideout in Wyoming, where the worst outlaws of the day congregated. Formed partnerships and planned death depredations.

From there they forged forth in search of plunder from bank robbery and cattle rustling.

In a few months they netted \$6,000

dollars from five looted banks. The civic raiding was about as profitable until one day in March, 1898—when Harry Tracy made his last killing.

William Strong, a 19-year-old boy, was the victim. He was herding cattle on the ranch of his employer in Rose County, Colorado. When the four robbers appeared and began to run off the herd, he yelled to them to stop. His reply was a crack from Tracy's rifle. The boy fell dead from his horse.

Soon after, the rancher, Valentine Roop, discovered the murdered boy and the theft of the cattle. Wealthy posse from 10 counties got on the trail of Tracy and his partners.

They caught up with the quartet at Rock Springs, Wyoming. A pitched battle ensued in which one outlaw, Johnson, was killed and an other, Bennett, captured. While the indigenous brawlers were engaged in "Wringing up" Bennett to the near of tree, Harry Tracy and David East slipped through the crowd and escaped.

For 10 days the two kept ahead of their pursuers. They started back and forth across these states—Wyoming, Colorado and Utah—before they were again cornered at Eaton's Park, Colorado.

Rancher Valentine Roop, still incensed at the murder of his favorite, William Strong, could not resist his urge to get at them. In a mad, passenger attack, he ran over too close, yet caught in the sight of Harry Tracy's Winchester and was killed.

The other passenger, less impulsive, went content to wait. They simply kept up a barrage at the outlaws' car and waited for them to surrender because of their lack of food, water and ammunition.

When that inevitable result oc-

curred a couple of days later, Tracy and East were conveyed to goal in the nearby town of Aspin.

They grew no morale until Tracy won his chance when a guard brought his breakfast the following morning. He hacked the man unconscious with a piece of wood wrested from his tank. In a few seconds he had grabbed the keys and released East. With rifles and ammunition from the jail cells, they hot-hoed their way into the mountains of the town of Aspin.

Should Paul Nease of Aspin ever discovered the guard locked in Tracy's cell, Rejection at stake, he set off after the two single handed. He reasoned correctly that the two would try to ride for the nearest railway. That was at the town of Steamboat Springs. Nease took the first stage coach headed there. Six miles from Steamboat Springs, the stage ground to a halt to pick up two dusty workmen trudging along the trail. Thankfully they climbed aboard and worked back on

David East, Tracy's partner in crime.



the hand set so the wheel could be turned again.

"Good day, Tracy," a stern voice broke across their thoughts. "You get supper waiting for you back at the gate."

The two outlaws' heads jerked up in surprise. On the opposite seat, Sheriff Neuman sat facing them. He still was pointing unceasingly. "Put up your hands, both of you," he snapped, "or I'll blow your brains out."

The two prisoners got no further opportunity to state anything until they were on mail train on the fourth day of the hearing, when Neuman was escorting them from the courtroom back to their cells. Tracy, in handcuffs, watched Neuman's patrol down the hallway with a smile on his face. Neuman had no option but to attack both Tracy and Ladd.

Food and their magazines, they escorted the sheriff to a side room, bound and gagged him and walked nondescriptly out of the building. This time they were not brought back.

Tracy and Ladd decided to split. Ladd returned to Wyoming to join the notorious Bush, Cassidy gang. Tracy crossed Utah, Idaho and the gas. He did not stop until he reached the city of Portland, 1000 miles from the scene of his escape.

In Portland Harry Tracy met Rose Merrill, the plump and pretty bar waitress of the El Dorado dance hall. In a few days they were married. Ranch brother, Dave, joined Tracy in a series of hold-ups.

Merrill, however, did not have the temperament for big-time crime. He began to bemoan and throw money around in the saloons and gambling houses, where persistently he had

been only an unscrupulous hanger-on.

A professional stool pigeon named Dennis or Merrill's doublecrosser, to Detective Dan Werner of the Portland Police Department. A "tail" was put on Merrill. A couple of days later, he was arrested while trying to pawn some jewelry. It was disclosed at trial as a hold-up.

Werner agreed to "go easy" with Merrill in return for information to trap his partner. As a result, the following evening, May 6, 1938, when Harry Tracy went to sleep in an apartment with Dave Merrill on Portland's Fourth Avenue, he was not noticed by Werner.

The detective Bill Hill stepped beside the round, long-sleeved young fellow Merrill had described. He instructed his would-be to ask a few questions.

A 45, spouting lead, appeared in Tracy's hand. "Ask them to hell, copper," he snarled, spitting off down the street.

Werner gave chase, firing his own gun in the fleeing figure ahead. Tracy reached the junction of Fourth Avenue and Market Street. A railway car along the latter, and a crane was chopping along it out of town.

Reaching the train, Tracy—who had not been hit by any of Werner's bullets—swung aboard. He threw the driver to one side. "Get out of the way!" he commanded. "I'll drive this thing."

The train lurched forward like a galloping horse. Tracy's experienced hand pulled at the throttle. But he had not counted on the conductor at the rear of the crew.

The engine ground to a halt as the conductor pulled the emergency air cord. But the engine was not broken yet. He jumped off on the opposite side and ran. Werner and a crowd of gunmen were coming up

fast, encouraged by the stopping of the train. Tracy ran to Tracy and made for it.

Pistol whistles were shrilling and people were screaming as the fugitives sped down the alley. A window was broken up. A rifle cracked. Tracy fell. The bullet had grazed his skull and knocked him unconscious.

Heavy Tracy woke to find himself in jail with Dave Merrill awaiting trial for the hold-up. The Portland police did not know that he was an escaped murderer from Colorado. Tracy did not know that Merrill had "sold out" to the police.

Both men were convicted. Harry Tracy drew 20 years and Merrill 13 years in the State Penitentiary at Salem.

Three years passed in which Tracy comically plotted escape—and succeeded in the end. Dave Merrill had received a lighter sentence than himself.

Eventually he found a corrupt being released who agreed to help him. The price was \$5000 dollars, which Tracy had stashed away in a place known outside Portland.

The released convict collected the money and kept the hanger-on. He bought two other old fashioned horses and the prison. They were concealed in the prison courtyard.

At 7 a.m. on June 6, 1938, a long line of giddy passengers were marched into the courtyard for the day's work. Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill leaped forward and flung open the lid of a packing case. Bloody, short-barreled Winchester appeared in their hands.

A guard, Frank Farnell, whistled at the noise. Tracy raised his gun and deliberately and cold-bloodedly kill all ten.

Another guard, named Conrad,



"John"



open around at the door. He saw Tracy looking at him, the milking rifle in his hand. He did not want to argue, but turned and dashed away for help.

Tracy and Merrill ran from the laundry and across the yard to the open well. A ladder, which had been placed handy by a broken fence, was grabbed and placed against it. In a few seconds the convicts turned up and dropped over the other side to freedom.

Three armed guards ran along the wall towards them, firing as they came. Below, Harry Tracy halted and turned. One guard toppled over and was dead before he reached the ground. Another followed him, wounded in the right leg and stomach. He died within a few minutes. The third guard, J. P. Tolson, was hit only in the shoulder. However, he could not keep his balance on the well and tumbled over Tracy's feet. The convicts picked him up bodily and held him in front of a shovel as he tumbled towards a clump of shallow woods, 100 yards away.

Dave Merrill was waiting when they got there. The wounded Tolson dropped to the ground as Tracy let him go in order to re-load his rifle. Having done so, he dug the guard dead.

Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill were free. Four prison guards were dead. The whole camp was now up in arms. Merrill rushed to get the boat for the escape. But the poor boat stood off there motionless. They remained hidden in a thicket, almost submerged under water, all the first day of the escape.

That night they cracked into town, hired up a householder and obtained similar clothes. They appropriated the buggy of two deputy sheriffs, hitching the horse to them

and set off for Portland. They drove sedately in daylight through towns on the way. Tracy driving and seeking friendly saloons walking on the streets as they passed.

Almost every man who owned a gun joined the hunt, but Tracy and Merrill remained at liberty. Several times they were surrounded, but they were always able to beat their way free.

Then, early in July, some news that Tracy was travelling alone at a farmhouse which they held up for a road, he read a newspaper which abruptly informed him. It contained a statement by Detective Dan Warren of Portland, that he had captured Tracy in 1929 through Merrill's betrayal.

A few days later Merrill body was fished out of the Columbia River, which Tracy had crossed into Washington. There was a bullet in his back.

Over succeeding weeks Tracy roamed from state to state. He finally visited red light districts in cities such as Portland and Seattle, while hundreds of hunters were ranging the country for him. He considered horses, muggers, stage coaches, boats and even a railway engine to make off his hunting. If necessary he killed. At least half a dozen men fell before his gun dir- ing his escape odyssey.

At the beginning of August he was wounded in the right hip during a gun battle with a posse. He was slowed down. His enemies closed in.

They caught up with him in the Washington wilderness. He was hungry and almost exhausted — and as vicious as a wounded wolf. But, hampered by his limp, there was nothing he could do. He could not escape, and he could not kill his men. Harry Tracy took the only alternative and killed himself.

Pointers to better health

STILLBIRTH PREVENTION

Many Rh-positive babies conceived at Rh-negative mothers can be saved from stillbirth by treating mothers with ACTH and cortisone, according to Dr. Oscar H. Hunter of Washington, U.S.A. The Rh antigen is one on which the mother produces antibodies which may destroy the red cells of her unborn child. In the ninth month of the pregnancy, delivery, six life is usually saved by "exchange transfusion" of blood, giving it a complete new supply. Now ACTH and cortisone have, in a large measure, solved the problem of keeping the baby alive until birth. Prior to the use of cortisone, no Rh positive child born of a mother who had previously had a stillborn had been alive at birth.

HEAD HOLES

If ever someone drives a bullet into your skull, don't worry about it looking unsightly. A Washington doctor, William T. Spence, has invented a plastic dough to patch up head wounds which is more firmly fitting than metal plates in the head and is quicker to repair the hole in the head with plastic dough than it is to fit a plate

The plastic dough will keep one month in the openning when the whole process of raising, lifting, molding to the head and sterilizing the plastic "peel" takes less than 20 minutes.

JUMPING OUT OF YOUR SKIN

Dr. James Burns Brown of St. Louis is making a plan for people to will their skins after death in order to help save the lives of the living. He told the American College of Surgeons how the skin of recently deceased patients can help seriously burned patients. For three weeks (long enough to ride them over the emergency) these patients wear the skin of others. The transplanted skin lives long enough to cover the raw burning surfaces and prevent the escape of vital fluids from the body. Such skin can be transplanted in strips as large as two feet by six inches.

SKIN DISEASES

While an skin, herpes vulgaris a disfiguring skin condition, is now being helped by the anti-T.B. drug, resorcin according to Dr. Livermore L. Goldberg from the University of Michigan College of Medicine.

other described disease there are. They are only four in what is known as the High Fever section of Hollywood". The girl in this picture, Oh, yes, her name is deepest and she lives in one of these houses,



girl
in
the
tower



See the girls living in high, hot country.
The snow has never stopped. (Moral:
the speaking of these girls.) She
thought as the children that she visited
she hardly worth visiting these
girls.

When the winds go cold, down
they will come. (More girls,
the winds are here.) (Speaking of
the girls as in 1943) On the way
down the slope to put the cat
What is the name of all? For a
person.



All, the reason for her trip down there among
the so going relatives, and beautiful dogs in
this country presented a lot more than from the
days. A lovely girl, a swimming pool and a
springboard in summer and we are never bored.

HUNCHES

aren't all Hooey



Play These Hunches.

Medical science accepts them as possible phenomena. One person in five has had gills.

AFTER the reporter brought on by the news of her lottery win had telephoned, Mrs. X. of Wap-Wap, said to the grinning reporter:

"Those, no fuzzy? I dreamt two or three nights ago that I was going to collect the six thousand."

The reporter poised it down on his interview pad as an interesting human interest item to his copy.

He opened his mouth to say that the next month would probably be a draw, but the smile for him.

"By gosh, that's fuzzy," grinned Mrs. X. "I was just going to say that."

"Great minds think alike," he grinned back.

"I had a hunch I'd find you

here," the bright young thing said to her reporter listener, as she walked into the archaeology section of the Public Library.

I wanted somewhere to sit down," replied her dimmed mien.

How many times do you hear similar comments to the above? Every day, maybe? Could telepathic research tests suggest as much? Is all probability you've experienced these sensations, hunches, perceptions, tell them what you will, yourself? Perhaps random roulette is back that next summer?

Or maybe as happened to you this way: You dreamt of a man you haven't seen in eight-nine years, not soon you were in the Army

together. And the very next day you met him walking down Main Street.

Are these common and varied incidents hooey? Are they just as many examples of coincidence? Or similar thoughts passing on opening in the same time period? New lines of scientific approach to this age-old question reply with a very definite "No." Modern investigations into the strange world of prophecy, are anxious in claiming a case for precognition, telepathy, and clairvoyance.

Since 1950, the staff of the Laboratory of Parapsychology at Duke University, North Carolina, U.S.A., have been carrying out exhaustive tests on various subjects. Led by Professor J. B. Rhine, they have succeeded in establishing a detailed working basis for further experiments into this intensely interesting phenomenon.

Using special pads of twenty-five cards, known as Zener cards, consisting of five sample, easily distinguishable designs: a plus or cross, circle, square, star, and three parallel wavy lines, they have tested thousands of people for their ability to guess correctly the card currently being removed from the pack and laid face down before them. And by this asking of types they have established the fact that one person in five possess an extrasensory sixth sense, or extra sensory perception, as these experimental proofs prefer to refer to it.

The scores made by these subjects have been, in several cases, 100 per cent right; the subject has "guessed" all or her way through the entire pack of twenty-five cards. Applying the mathematics of pure chance, this puts the odds against such a fast "bang" due to sheer luck, pure and undiluted chance,

at 258, 023, 722, 876, 954, 125 or 1.

When such astronomically large figures can be quoted and watched for by highest authorities, the above claim, previous disclaimer, now and now again when such tests are carried out under every conceivable condition, when every possible precaution to prevent the possibility of "cheating" has been taken, when some of these tests have been run with the subject in a room of a college 120 miles away, then you begin to have a case for mental perceptibility beyond the powers of the five physical senses.

Studying these high scores we obviously demonstrating extrasensory perception, Professor Rhine and his associates, at a cost, composed them with odds on the twenty-five card pads by students and trying to search the cards off by exerting "precognition." And the results came out all around the theoretical chance average of 50%. Proving that the earlier results were not coincidence, but that some consciously controlled power was at work.

Tests, at least, as they are known at Duke University, have been made under highly restraining conditions—behind screens, in separate rooms in different buildings of the university campus, and once, in a different university, 120 miles away. And as the work has progressed, broader lines of approach to the question have begun. Such aged questions as, "Are there anything in the multiple classes for precognition, telepathy, or foretelling the future?" have been attacked by means of laboratory-controlled tests with Professor Rhine's principle subjects participating.

The first task set them by Rhine, was to predict the order of a pack

of Zener cards before the shuffling. They were asked to give the card order, not as it was in the pack at the time, but as it would be after the experimenter had given the pack a set number of shuffles. And as closely as anyone could be asked, there was no significant difference between the prearranged and the ordinary reading.

What does this signify? It gives scientific proof that the human mind is capable of trifling about this future. Following disclosure of such a secret, there can be little doubt that intensive study of telepathy and precognition phenomena and theory is a matter of major importance.

Can the mind influence matter? If it can we are future if it is the store the resources of time, what of matter, the physical world?

We know that in all normal mental life the subjective mind does something in the objective brain. But can the mind directly influence the substance of an independent object outside its own organism?

Professor Rhine, using mechanistically diverse data as the most reliable way to find out, has over an extensive period of investigation with many experiments, been impelled to accept the possibility that mind can influence matter objects. The effects created by subjective willing, the date to record certain numbers was most impressive. Called psychokinesis, these test effects prove that a serious limitation was at work in determining the scores to be read by the mechanically chosen date.

The phenomenon of telepathy is not new. It is consciousness as synesthesia and field metacognition. The capacity of both telepathy is almost as well known as the acts of head shaking and rootin'.

Precognition, too, has been known long enough now. The Old Testament contains a number of instances, as does classical history, and mythology. The *Journal of Nostalgia*, published in the middle of the 1800's, chronicled lost incidents of the French Revolution with uncanny accuracy.

John Franklin Rhine's experiments into the realms of parapsychology are not new, although he has much strengthened the case for extra-sensory perception by bringing up his investigations all the claimed dimensions of the laboratory.

The earliest recorded experiments into psychical research, as the English prefer to call parapsychology, was made Herodotus tells us, by King Croes of Lydia, when he taxed prophetic oracles for truth of their claims to divine the future. And from then up until the present day, many have wondered, observed, and wondered at, these 'powers of the devil.'

How did the woman know she was going to win the lottery? Why did she vicious dog disease?

How did Leo know that Dora was going to speak about (actual) Telepathy, of course Professor Rhine would smile.

Why did the morose boy Irmel choose the department of Archaeology in which to run his foot? And how did his girl friend know that he would be denied Telepathy over diabetes, how that The Professor would, despite growing

But still here are the unanswered. For, as Rhine himself so aptly put it, "The resources of scepticism are almost infinite." Always there will be the dyed-in-the-wool materialists who could never accept there being anything beyond the physical boundaries of time and space.

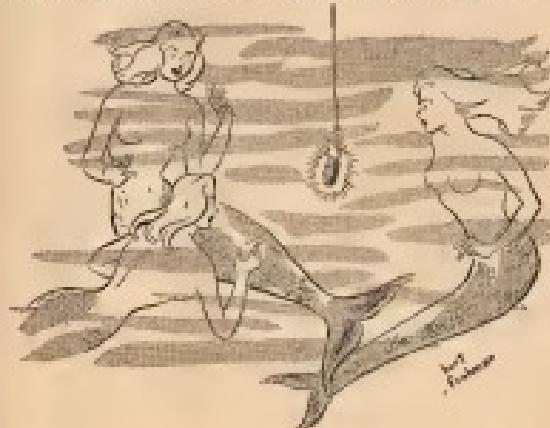
As everything is relative, as every cell and atom and molecule are related, what makes that the acceptance that precognition is just? What takes up the assumption that man can see ahead into future and predict physical events yet to happen? A big question - a mighty big question. It poses other questions, and they in turn will still raise questions. And you go on and on into the many realms of philosophical inquiry.

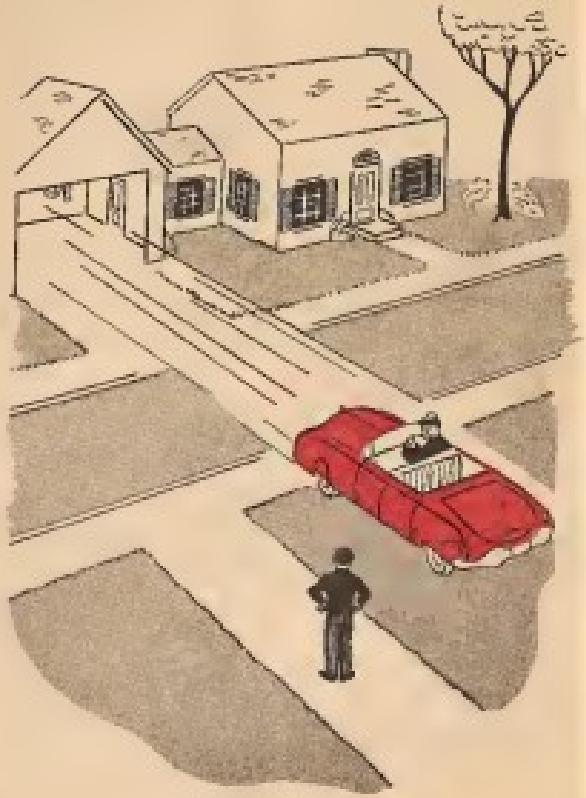
If believe in, in stability, already in existence, of a student in Duke University, North Carolina, can successfully predict the order of a pack of cards before they have been shuffled, we have to accept that fact. Perhaps, as these units of information would have no future, we are simply passed under the control of those little green men in the Springfield masters that are continually whipping around the skin of our

skin planet. And if this is so, if we cannot help what we do anyway, if our future actions already exist, what is to become of free will? Why won't we grow the powers of reasoning and decision to begin with?

These investigations into parapsychology are still very much in their infancy. What marvelous new frontiers of mind are yet waiting to be opened up by man's penetrating creativity!

So the next time you go to the river and get a strong branch to put the lot on another river, why not do it? Maybe you're one of the ones in fact with extrasensory perception. And think what an individual who developed this happy branch could do to the backwaters over a 12-month period—if he didn't scare himself to death by thinking about how tick he was going to be or what would happen if he lost





"Morning."

The Enemy Was Cold

LISTER WAT



During World War II Britain faced the ice of the North Sea as big a hazard as enemy torpedoes.

AT the end of 1941 the war was hot, but there was a cold side to it, and the cold side threatened to skin Britain below the belt.

The shipping lanes were too hot to use. British submariners found out where a convoy was on its way, and as methods of detection were proved against a submarine attack. An escort of destroyers and corvettes would get hell to the underwater. big stores ships and provision supplies were being blown. Skilled seamen were going down, and Britain couldn't afford to lose ships and sailors at the rate she was losing them. She was forced to man some ships with raw kids who didn't know how to make a hot tea.

There was the hazard of storms

bomb the air as well, and there were still hazards in existing. Air attack as well as under water attack, was reduced to narrow limits, however, in well-organized shipping. Men of courage could avoid these lanes, they could stop long ships.

British shipping faced collapse, red, just as in the 18th century, when one trade route was closed, alternative sought and found another, so in the emergency of 1941, Britain had to find new ports.

There were no unknown seas to chart, but there were new expedients that were considered to be not navigable by ordinary cargo ships. Ships specially built and specially fitted out for the purpose were sent for northern waters, but such ships

were not designed to carry cargo, they were designed mostly to survive in killing conditions, and never were ever repaired by scratch crews of unprepared boys. They had always carried picked men, men trained to and under Arctic conditions.

But British shipping had to design U-boats and Nazi bombers. British shipping couldn't afford to "take it" any longer. Toward the end of 1942, therefore, a small but important convoy started out of a port on the Atlantic coast of Canada, and headed slowly northward toward the ice fields. Poking over the freezing water at the speed of its slowest vessel, it skirted the regions of ice and not so much ice, the North Sea, for three months.

The convoy encountered no submarines, and no bombers. Some of us personnel worried about anti-submarine patrols, but there were, away from the ice-fields, no patrols to impede shipping only in spring and summer when the sea was melting, while that convoy challenged the perils of the Arctic winter at the beginning of winter. The deep freeze was approaching; the ice was getting harder, and some of it was floating loose to tip gulls in the hulls of ships.

The chain of ships sailed without incident up the coast of Labrador, and survived past Greenland. The sea was safe. At times, they were crashing through a thin crust of ice, which could form only where there was no wind to whip up the sea. Men had their frigates frozen, of course, and they had to learn to thaw them out, without applying heat. But they learned quickly, and they learned without serious casualties. They learned that, as will sit, you can freeze without feeling cold, and that, after a little while on deck, heat becomes your enemy.

It was staging the hardest way. It was cruel without comfort, with the pain of cold, and the bite of tortured muscles, and the heavy drag of exhaustion always there. Every task was harder, because everything above deck was frozen, and fatigue becomes a deadly menace when the temperature is down to zero. You don't dare relax, you don't dare to let your bloodlessness slow down.

It was rough and bitter, but the ships were getting through. And those men knew that a point had been reached where each ship had could make starvation become an option. The new lessons in the convoy became hardened seafarers before the killing voyage was half completed.

In Churchill, in the Admiralty, among the officers of the service, press men thought they had the answer. The convoy was steaming into the North Sea, and they were satisfied.

But the North Sea had something in its. Through the centuries, the North Sea has spoken often, and always in the same voice, in the howl of a 90-mile-an-hour gale straight from the North Pole. The sea was below zero, the water itself two below freezing-point, and the wind lifted water out of the sea and threw it against the ship's sides.

The hulls above water were so cold that the water caused ice to the instant it struck. The poor side of many ship in the convoy was glazed with a coating of ice as far along a minute, and the rime continued. The waves rose higher every hour, and larger quantities of water were dashed out on the ships.

The ice coming got thicker. After an hour, according to one ship's log, the ice was an inch and a half thick, but the gale went on for days. The ice became a foot thick, then two feet thick, and on half-

loaded ships, on ships not built to fight North Sea gales.

They began to heel over from the weight of ice. All hands were ordered on deck. They used iron bars to stop the ice away. They faced a freezing, weakened wind, and chopped at ice threatening to turn their ships over and sink them.

The ships were plowing madly, however, and the decks were so slippery that it was impossible to walk with both hands. The men had to hold on to something they could chop with only one hand, and an officer is heavy. It is made heavy for a rough job. It chopped the ice and sent it splashing into the sea, but there were seas of ice, and a crew can work for only a limited time at these conditions.

The storm was the same in the first bitter hours, offensives of the convoy learned that no man, no matter how tough and willing, could last very long. He had to eat, and while he rested, more ice than he had chopped away, formed in an pile.

The ice continued to pile up, and the convoy was lying over dangerously. Desperately, engineers rigged steam pipes and hoses on deck, and tried to melt the ice with jets of steam. But there wasn't enough steam in their boilers to defeat that enormous gale, and the ice that did melt ran a few inches and froze again.

The ganze convoy was threatening to sink. They tried to adjust the cargo, but the ships were fully loaded, so there was no room for adjustment. The ice piled thicker. The ships lay over so far that a slight change of wind would have capsized them. At that stage, the commander had to make a bitter decision.

The ships themselves, and their crews, were more precious than any

VIGNETTE OF LIFE

"The happiest time of life,"
observed the married man,
"is when you take a wife—
which everybody can."

An old maid must be sad,
to have had no known,
but what she never had.
She never Mar-

—RAY-M.

ships. Therefore, the order went out to jettison cargo, to jettison it from the port side, until the ships righted themselves. That was hard, as was backtracking to find the buoyancy as both food and munitions that Britain needed badly.

But it saved the ships and saved the men. The convoy got through, and it got through with the largest part of its cargo still on the holds. What they had lost hurt, but those men had proved that the Arctic passage could be navigated by merchant shipping, even in mid-winter.

The Arctic passage could be used, but only if they found a way to get rid of the ice.

They had to find a way, and rapidly. Steam pipes directly under the hulls would stop ice from freezing, but the convoy had to keep moving; there wasn't time for refitting. And the convoy had to use the Arctic route.

The Admiralty sent Dr. A. S. Lawrence, a physicist, and loaded him up in a laboratory with a few research workers at Liverpool Uni-

wanty, and so gave them what seemed an impossible short time to do an impossible job.

The instructions were simple. They had to find a means of preventing ice forming on a ship, or, alternatively, they had to find a way of breaking the ice faster than it formed. And it had to be done without new equipment, without reconditioning the ships, without causing delay to my convoy. It was an order. It had to be done, either those scientists did it, and did it fast, or there wouldn't be any Great Britain. The Admiralty wasn't boasting. That is how things were at the start of 1942.

Lawrence and his men did it, of course. They passed themselves against the fury of the North Sea, and beat the ice without freezing their laboratory, and all the apparatus they used was a glass tube four feet long, a rotary blower driven by a one horsepower motor, a refrigerator, and a sheet of steel. The refrigerator gave them Arctic cold. The blower sent a gale-force wind through the glass tube, and shot freezing air, mixed with water, on to a cold steel plate. With such ingenuity, it took them just three days to solve a problem that saved Britain's communications at a time when that nation was facing Britain.

Lawrence recognized the things he couldn't do, and he didn't try. He knew he couldn't stop the ice from forming, and he couldn't melt ice off a ship's hull as it drove with "plumes"; there was too much heat, and too much freezing air on the North Sea, so he concentrated on finding a way to coat the entire above-water surface of the ships with a substance from which ice could be piled without effort, and melt in a minute.

Ships had already been covered with paint to protect the iron and

keep it tight, but that didn't work. The gale whipped the hulls and washed them clean of paint before the started freezing, and there was no grease known that would stay where it was put in the face of water pressure such as those ships experienced.

The scientists had to invent a new grease, a grease that would stick on any gale, and be thick enough to prevent the ice from gaining a tight hold. They brought all their knowledge into it, and mixed hundreds of different compounds, and tried each on the pair of frozen steel, spraying it with water at over a hundred miles an hour. They discarded one compound after another, but every one caught them something, and they made more compounds.

Three days later, Lawrence got the Admiralty on the phone. He had the substance. It could be painted on to a ship with an ordinary brush; it would stay on no matter how fierce the gale, and when it became over it, the crew only had to knock it into shape, and it would fill off.

The new compound was first used in February, 1942, on a convoy given to Manmikin, and Lawrence and his team went along. It was the winter when Hitler blamed for his debacle at Moscow; it was one of the worst in record in those seas. The men buckled, and pain lashed them, and the Schermhorns tried to kill them, but the crew closed the Schermhorns, and the crew just ignored the ice off the hulls faster than it formed.

Folks didn't talk about a cold war in those days, but part of that war was very cold, and that part had to be won, or all was lost. It wasn't won with guns and explosives; it was won in a glass tube just four feet long.

Take Notice of that Burp!

One of the most common physical complaints is indigestion. It comes in various forms and has various causes.

BIG WALKER

THE drunk lolled in the train seat, almost asleep and no one took notice of him, except a few children who nudged each other and giggled. Then suddenly the drunk's figure lurched upward and he uttered a loud burp. The result was a commotion in eleven of the train; the children gagged and fled, some were pummeled, a few ladies involuntarily explored their lips in expectation of disgust, while one or two accepted the burp as a common everyday occurrence.

Actually the burp is a disease, every day occurrence. Everybody does it, although some do it more than others. The digests associated with it is regarded when someone burps in public. An old lady said to her companion when the drunk belched so loud, "It is disgusting. That is what drink does to one."

And the drunk opened one eye at the speaker and replied, "An empty house is better than a bad tenant, lady."

The lady was not quite correct when she made her observation about drink. Some alcohol does make a person belch, to drink a milk shake or a glass of orange juice. But these are other causes of the burp—the



bath, or indigestion, which is really what is the trouble.

The main causes of indigestion or dyspepsia, if we become more technical, are: 1. unbalanced diet, 2. constipation, 3. eating too quickly, 4. irregular eating, 5. eating when excited or fatigued, 6. overdrinking or 7. constitutional indisposition. 8. excess

ing too soon after a meal; 9, eating too much; 10, drinking too much. If you have indigestion and it is due to one of these things and it can be cured easily, then you have no cause to worry, other than the discomfort of the indigestion while it is upon you. But indigestion can also be caused by serious disease and should you be unable to rid yourself of indigestion, then you have only one course open to you—see a doctor.

Indigestion can be painful. You may have a mild attack, in which you feel full in the stomach and you know that it is a long time since you ate. This discomfort is eased through the swallowing of air. Maybe you talked to much while you were eating or drinking; maybe you ate your last meal with your mouth open, that is known as gassy flatulence and it causes only a mild discomfort. But, heartburn is painful. There are varying degrees of heartburn. There may be just a mild burning sensation behind the breastbone, or it may be so in such pain that you lie on the floor and squirm, trying to find ease in the most uncomfortable position.

Most people eat a more or less balanced diet unconsciously, but if you follow all the other rules of eating and you still get indigestion, consult a doctor or a physical culture expert, who will give you a chart to follow. If this does not cure you, then the chances are that you have a serious disease of which indigestion is only a symptom, and not the physical disorder.

Constipation causes refrigeration through the consequent absorption at points into the blood stream. Constipation can be relieved by abdominal exercise or massage, or a combination of both. This is the best method, as it forces the hard masses in the walls of the intestine

to fall away. The taking of oils helps a way through the softer excretions in the course of the bowel, but does not break away the hard matter from the walls. Constipation may be relieved by small doses of enemas or some sort of泻药 (laxatives).

Food must be eaten slowly in order to give the gastric juices a chance to digest each food. Similarly, meals should be taken at regular times. If you eat lunch at midday one day, eat it at midday every day. Tea or dinner at night, like lunch, should be eaten at a regular hour.

If you are excited, worried or tired, you are causing indigestion of you eat a meal. In such conditions of emotion, the bloodstream, which should be concentrated around the digestive organs during a meal, is mainly in the muscles or other organs of the body, hence the digestive system cannot do its work properly.

William Gladstone, the former Prime Minister of England, used to say that each mouthful of food should be masturbated 12 times. Very few people do this. Many regard food as a necessary evil and the time taken to eat it as a waste of time. But you should spend quite some time in eating and such mastication should be chewing to pulp. Quick eating means that portions of partly digested food pass through the alimentary canal and thus disorders its functions. If the food is insufficiently chewed, the digestive juices are not able to come as thoroughly into contact with it. The smaller the passes into which the food is converted, the greater the surface area which is washed by these juices.

It takes from three to five hours to digest a meal, hence too much food in the stomach—or too much drink—cannot be digested as well as a normal meal. The gastric juices have to work overtime and they cannot

cope with a full stomach. The digestive period of three to five hours shows that nothing should be eaten until digestion of the previous meal has taken place. Hence three meals each day should be the ideal and nothing should be eaten between meals.

If you exercise before the food is digested, or at least partly digested, then the passes are thrown into the arteries and the bloodstream is altered. When a group of muscles is exercised the flow of blood is increased in that area. Therefore more blood is taken from the stomach. When you exercise after a meal, give your self at least one hour after a normal meal. If you have eaten a lot, do not exercise for longer than an hour.

Hothouse can be relieved by drinking water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Water-Beds is another type of refrigeration which is not easy to take. The contents of the refrigerator are the warmth of a watery fluid, sometimes consisting of plasma, sometimes of saliva and respiratory or both mixed together. It is not necessarily caused by any disease of the stomach, although it is sometimes associated with diarrhoea alone.

At a certain period of time after a meal, the softeneser has an uncontrollable attraction of contraction beneath the lower end of the breastbone, accompanied usually by profuse sweating. Relief comes at bringing up several mouthfuls of clear fluid.

Treatment with milk or泻药 (laxatives) internally, of course, or a dilute solution of household soap will give temporary relief.

Many neuroticistic patients suffer from indigestion as a result of an ab-



normally irritable nervous spasm with an associated lack of muscle tone. Depressing emotions, hardness or domestic worries, long hours of physical or mental overwork, often associated with irregular or hurried meals, are frequent causes.

The digestive symptoms of nervous dyspepsia are characterized by over extreme irregularity, the patient feeling very ill one day and comparatively well the next. The most common complaint is that of fullness of the abdomen or distension as soon as a small quantity of food has been eaten. It is made worse by fatigue, worry and excitement, but much improved by sleep.

Many sufferers complain of a feeling of faintness which is generally due to overfilling of the stomach.

Nervous dyspepsia lose their appetite thus taking insufficient food fails both to further depression of the nervous system, which results again on the digestion, so that a vicious circle is produced. Constipation is usually present.

Headache, backache, palpitation and sleeplessness accompany the stomach disorder. The patient loses weight and strength thus becoming more depressed and pessimistic.

It can be seen that unless some thing is done, the condition can only become worse. The treatment is simple, but cannot wait.

An X-ray is often necessary as a check to see whether there is anything present, other than the suspected dyspepsia. If there are no accompanying diseases, rest is the big cure—physical rest and rest from care.

If you have peptic ulcers, then the movement involves more time like the rest is still essential. But, also, is important.

To rest the body is easy, to rest the mind completely is not so easy. If you are a worrier, it becomes ex-

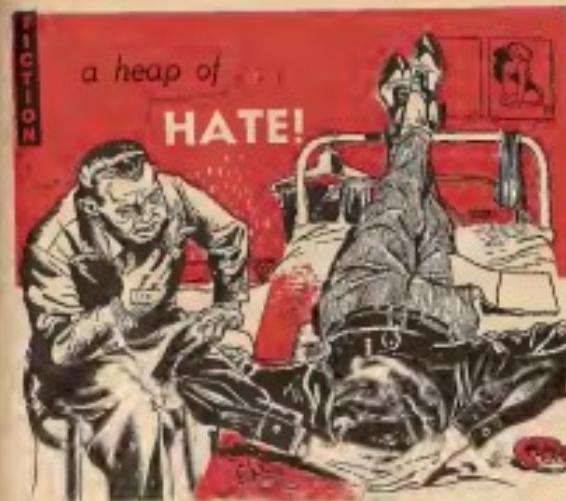
tremely difficult to gain that relaxation so necessary. But if you have a logical mind, apply that principle.

Worry makes me a nervous dyspeptic. Worry gives me that tired looking, this indigestion, this sleeplessness, this loss of appetite, strength and energy. And the more I worry, the worse I will be, the less I will be able to cope with situations as they arise. Therefore, I will fail at my business, in my mind will not be at its clearest. So I will have to rest. You are on your own, you are your own doctor. He can give you the recipe for fitness, but it is up to you whether you get healthy.

Maybe you are not a nervous dyspeptic, maybe you are just a normal sufferer from indigestion, but is it irritating, isn't it? Whoa poor them! Eat regularly, do not eat between meals, chew your food thoroughly; relax your body and mind before you indulge in a meal. Do not overeat. Remember that social time is essential, get used to the idea that you have a half-hour or even more to devote to feeding yourself. Mark that time down and do nothing else while you are eating. Do not think about the worrying things about life. Concentrate on your food.

If you find it difficult to eat slowly, read while you are eating. This will make you eat slower. Do not read the stock reports or about that uncharted world. Read a light story or magazine, or novel.

If you want to belch, do so. That gets rid of some of that wind you have. In India it is a sign that you have enjoyed a good meal. It is natural to pass bowels not to burp after eating. In this country of ours, it is regarded as rude to "make a noise." You may still belch without making a big noise. Ease it out, then say "excuse me." As the drunk said, "An empty house is better than a bad tenant."



D'ARCY MILANO

Big John wanted to avenge his brother's death, so he hired me to do the job. It looked routine to me, but—

LITTLE John Boome had been sick for under three days when that thing happened.

I didn't get up. I was too damn uncomfortable. I lay still on the bed, eyes behind my head. But I kept my eyes that guy's way from the time he knocked and I called to him to come in until he sat down on the chair. A great bulk with an eye jaw and full of silence. He was silent the way he walked, the way he rose, the way he looked. When he spoke the words came quiet.

"Nugget Mousdale?"

"That's right," I told him.
"You know me?"

"Who doesn't? You're Big John Boome, Little John's brother."

He pulled out a pack of fags. I took one. He looked around the room. I don't know why. There was no smoke in the corner, a hole or two in the floor, a calendar and a couple of pin-up girls on the wall.

"You still in the basement, Nugget?"

"I look like I still eat, don't I?"
"You knew Little John's dead?"

I read it for breakfast a few mornings ago."

"You didn't read her," he said.

"Look, I did. He jumped over the top."

Big John Bosco gave a snort. He seen plenty tough characters on my time, and ugly ones. But this Bosco could have given Hong Kong a fucking start and then round him home.

"You see him jump, Nugget?" he said in that clear silent way.

"What do you think?"

"Anybody else see him?"

"Nobody and they did."

"Listen, they find 'em body on the rocks, so they think he jumped. You reckon he jumped, Nugget?"

"I can't tellin' nothing. I don't know whether he did, jumped, tried to prove he was a bitch, or what?"

"Little John was thrown over."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I found out. It's true. He was done over. It was no suicide, Nugget!"

"Who did it—you find that out?"

"Yeah. It was Tommy the Fly." Big John said, looking kind of me from his little, moist, wrinkly eyes. "I dunno why, and why don't matter, but he did it. It was murder, Nugget, and he got set to be fixed, and I stuck you in the line."

There was a lot of snarling in the way he said it, a heap of hate.

"Why?" I said, in some surprise. "I didn't know you and Little John thought so much of each other."

That made him more like than snarler now, threat his mouth a bit. Suppose you need your own badman. I don't see you point. When you throw, when you cut, what the hell you do, blood's thicker than water, and I don't want nobody gettin' even with my brother's man—Tommy the Fly a friend of yours?"

"Nobody's a friend of mine." You take it on them?"

"How much?"

"How about *500\$*?"

I sat up. "Listen, you cabbage-head, You think you can get me for that? For chow. You got a real job done with me, and it don't know back, is anybody's for. You pay for chow Double it and I'll talk easier."

"I haven't got that much."

"Then it's simple," I told him. "You don't buy me. And I don't give low-bid, first purchase or take 100\$. We're waitin' there, Boss."

He pushed the chair back so he stood up. "Nobody talks to me like that—"

"I'm talking to you like that."

He didn't know where the money came from. All he could do was stare at it lividly at his big ugly snap. Maybe the cameras went by. He was stunned. I helped him to regain his

"It's your move," I said.

"No, listen, Nugget," he relaxed. "This is stupid. I didn't come here to argue with you." He sat down, and pulled out a cigarette holder.

"I'll give you two hundred now and the rest when you finish the job. All right?"

"Fine enough."

He counted the money in fives and tens. Then he got up to go. I hope there won't be any slip."

"You don't know my reputation or you wouldn't say that just now. Did the police talk to you about Little John's death?"

"Yeah. They asked me a few things, but I didn't tell them anything. About Tommy the Fly. I mean."

"Just one thing more—why like me to do this job? What's wrong with you hangin' off Tommy?"

"Nugget, I just come out of the can five years. You don't know what it's like to do five years hard inside

I got worse living so much up on. I'm not taking any risks. They'll never get me back there again."

The way he said it, he meant that all right. He went out silently. I watched him go. You wouldn't have heard him.

I started work straightforward. Chopped off the whiskers, squared up, put on the best suit in the wardrobe—and the only one I didn't find Tommy at the residence where he lived. Sheehey's leather room, or Tommy's own up school. But I got the kids and they let me in. Can't believe. Through the fog of greasy faces and cigarette smoke I saw Tommy sitting in a chair, feeding his pony feet with a hamburger.

"Goddam, Nugget," he grumped up, full of his usual burrroo dissipations, the plastered hair and the big gold watch showing. "I haven't seen you since Sam took a giddy turn in the pincushion. What's new? Sit down. Have a feed."

I told him I had a hair bare pen preparation that might interest him. He took it all in, staring, between hand, cigarette, eye and thick between. He'd be in it, he said. He could handle all the snow he could get. If you finished outfitting the set up when a woman, well, blonde and smiling approached. Tommy the Fly leaped up again, and, grabbing her bunched arms, pulled her into the vehicle beside him.

"Nugget, this is the moment."

"No," I said. "Don't tell me."

"There's the lesson." He gripped a thumb at the ring of diamonds on the skin where finger "Bettie" these a fortnight now, and I don't feel like a guitar yet." He laughed, then spluttered an apology and introduced me. I saw the great love the woman's face like a blind pulled down a window. She'd heard about me. She acted like me. That was plain. I

sawed her the embarrassment of sitting so alone. When I got up to leave there was a book on her face, and I didn't have to dig into Webster to know it was *worry*.

The wharves were in blocks of darkness with a slant and a wedge of day, half light here and there. When Tommy the Fly turned up I knew him from the shadow. He was grayish, squat, sharp. I told him what we said. He didn't make a sound. Neither did I. The water slapped against the piles and boomed under the shimmering green reflections of light.

When I stuck the rod in Tommy's boat, he stopped dead. He said with enthusiasm: "What the hell, Nugget?"

"I got nothing against you, Tommy. I'm doing this for a client. It's a job. You'll appreciate that."

Keeping his hands raised, he barked sound. "Who wants me rubbed out?" He was most bewildered than afraid.

"Big John Bosco."

"Big John?" Is he out? What the hell here I done to him?"

"He didn't like the way you have killed his brother."

Tommy the Fly looked stunned. I was used to the darkness and I could see the annoyance and puzzlement on his face. Suddenly I thought the quick brief clatter of sheets I grabbed Tommy's arm, stuck the gun in his side, and edged him before a passing crowd stuck.

"Tommy! Tommy! Where are you?" It was the soft cry of a woman.

"It's Ruby," Tommy said. "She must have helped me."

We went away, calling out in a whisper, snorting, snarling, that way and that, snoring. Suddenly when the sun only a few feet away, I drew Tommy against her, and covered them both.

"Why couldn't you keep your nose out of it?"

Tommy the Fly knew I had an alternative than to let him have it, so he said, "You God-dam Naggit, know, just how Big John reckons I killed his brother. How could I do that when I wasn't even here? We were in Melbourne, on our honeymoon. We didn't get back till yesterday."

"Mr. Moodley," the woman gasped, "that's the truth. You've got to believe it!"

"Another thing," Tommy the Fly said. Look at me, and look at Little John. He was forever stone of the word hard. Can you see me hounding him over that drop, even dragging him to the truck?"

"You had help."

"Have you ever known me to work with crooks again?"

"No," I said. Brooks snarled me. "If you all red." Tommy the Fly said, "there's one man who wouldn't have had the trouble. Flying and bringing Little John to his death, and that's the sort that sent you gunning for me Big John himself."

I could say that easily. "But why would he do that?"

"I'll tell you why," Tommy said. "Five years ago me and the two Georges packed a job. We got down on the Melville payroll. It was a cap, but one thing went wrong. Big John Brooks wanted all the heat for himself, and give it. He left it. Little John, who didn't like being double crossed, even by his brother, stepped off the cap, and the job was thrown home to Big John, even though the dough was never found."

I thought of all the traps I'd seen in Big John's walls, and I remem-

bered his remark about all that living he had to catch up on.

"Big John man have thought I was on the pinning, too, that sent him up for five years. That's why he put me on the spot. But I never snarled, Naggit."

They might have been telling me a yarn. But it could have been the truth, and if it was, where, just what, did I fit into the picture? I'd been trying to figure it while Tommy was talking, and now I began to get a glimmering.

"Okay, then," I told them. "No hard feelings."

No hard feelings, Naggit," Tommy the Fly said.

There was one way, I hoped, of bringing this bad in a hand. I found a place and rang Big John Brooks. I told him the job was finished, I was going home to wash off and that I'd see him in the morning. Then I went back to my lodgings. But I didn't go in. I hung around the street, in a black doorway, once broken pane from the place.

I was there maybe an hour when the black old cop, pulled up and inside the pent. I lived in, and he set four cops who went up the steps and made. That was enough for me. I didn't wait for them to happen.

It took me thirty minutes to get to Big John Brooks' pent. There was no lock on the door. I let myself in and switched on the light. Even then the bulk in the bed, far as the bark, reached, didn't wake up.

I wrinkled his face a couple of times, and he jumped up with a start: "Why, Naggit, what are you doing here? I thought you died."

"I've come for the pay-off. Right now, and don't fiddle, or I'll blow your skull all."

"Shut, Naggit!" He threw the bed clothes down, and drew the wallet

from one of the rocks on his belt. He pulled out the two hundred notes. I lined them and passed them in my pocket.

"Hope yours not getting it over me, Naggit. Tommy's dead—parts were stuck that."

"I'm going to tell you something, Naggit, you know about No. Tigray's son dead. And you know why? Because your desk-blowing went ticklish. That is how I see it. When you came out of the pent, had it all figured out. You'd bump your own brother off first. Then you'd get Tommy the Fly put out of the way. You'd pick a partner to do that for you—any one. It did not matter who you'd be the side—had serve your purpose. You did not have to have the knife like him. Just as long as he forced into the plot."

Big John was staring at me, his eyes rolled up, showing the yellowish whites.

"But you picked me because you could be sure of getting the job done perfectly. Okay. As soon as Tommy says if you top off the police who did it, and they pin the rap on me with a little smart prompting they might even kill me with killing Little John. So he kill three birds with the one stone—and all this just so you can get your revenge and make certain at the same time there'll never be any suspicion against you. You want to go on having a whale of a time with that payroll crew. Does that live it up, Brooks?"

"If you shoot me," Brooks said, "they'll get you alive."

"I'm not going to shoot you, leave nothing so stupid. I can get on a plane too. I can blow down a telephone too. I wanted to the deer. Get up and get your Sunday best on, Brooks. The boy'll be here in 40 hours, want to be ready. That cell is training job."



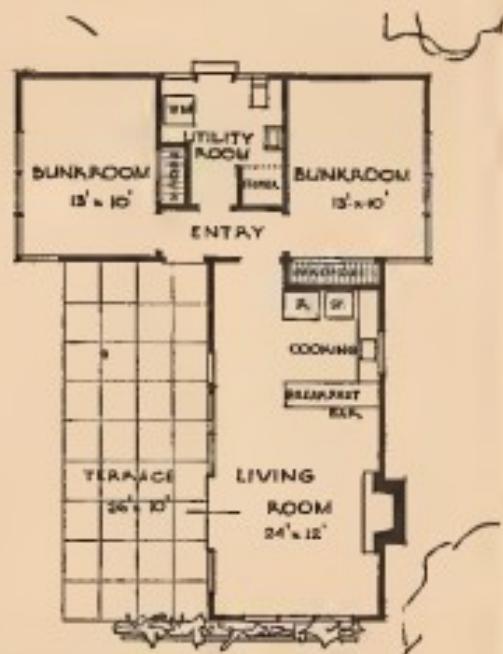
"Can you describe it?"

Cavalcade Home of

the Month

No. 6

by W. Watson-Sharp



THE approach to the design of the holiday home is different from that for a full time residence. The standards for this type of dwelling is continually improving and the makeshifts of a by-gone age are definitely a thing of the past.

Cavalcade suggests in the accompanying sketches a large living room, with a section set aside for cooking, in which a breakfast bar is included. The living room opens out on to a wide terrace, half of which is covered by a wide overhanging roof.

There are two bunk rooms each with a built-in wardrobe; and a utility room which incorporates washing facilities, a shower and a clothes washer.

The overall area is 700 square feet and the minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 40 feet.

Stranger and

STRANGER



WILL TO SURVIVE

When a millionaire died in 1911, his lawyer was so upset that he moved away on a cross-continent train. He took with him his client's will which represented 24,000 dollars, sealed in a box, and he threw it overboard when the ship got under way. Knowing his secret, no one knew what he had done and offered a large sum for its recovery. Before it was found, three years later, it had travelled thousands of miles and had been handled by many, who, unaware of its value, had passed it back into the sea. One diver found it in the stomach of a shark. A company discovered it near the mouth of the Amazon, where it was being worshipped as an idol by natives.

SECOND SIGHT

The more persons suffer from heterochromia, the inability to see as well in the daylight as at night, the less they specialize, the inability to see after nightfall except under a strong artificial light.

NOAH'S ARK

Some 200 British war vessels were once allowed to own pets and keep

them on board, with little restriction to their numbers. But the practice was suddenly banned when the Admiralty learned that one bantam carried an avian form of 1,200 malarias, which even included, apart from the usual run of dogs and cats, deer, apes, bears and monkeys.

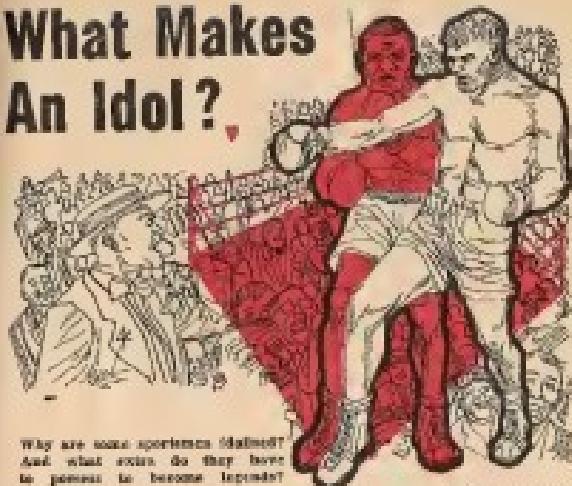
DOUBLE WOMEN

A one-in-a-million birth of two men, each from a separate womb, has been recorded in Wilkes-Barre General Hospital, New York. Double womb are rare in women, but are common in animals, particularly in kangaroos and opossums. In the above case, doctors emphasized that the boys were not twins. The first boy, weighing 12 pounds, arrived 12 hours before his brother, who weighed four pounds. 12 hours from pre-term exhaustion, doctors expected twins.

EAGS TO EATHS

The total circulation of daily newspapers in USA reached a record \$3,472,204 in 1953, an increase of \$2,071 over the previous year. The circulation of the 327 morning papers was \$1,912,674, and of the 108 evening papers, \$1,569,531.

What Makes An Idol?



Why are some sportspersons (Mildred?) And what else do they have to possess to become legends?

RAY MITCHELL

PUBLIC opinion is a strange thing.

A sportsperson is either liked or not. Maybe he is a champion, but that does not mean that he automatically becomes a hero. For four or, quite often, a month, he holds a more popular than the champion.

Looking through the weeks of the ring, we find hundreds of champions—national and world. There can be divided into four categories—legends, stars, popular and unpopular. Maybe you can split them and place most in another classification. In other words, they are accepted and the fans feel no emotion regarding them. Such a man is Jimmy Carter, who had a Cinderella rise to the world lightweight title. Jimmy was regarded as

a good tradesman, who was hard to beat when the title was on the line. He lost his title once to a lesser fighter in the beginning, the second time to Paddy Du Morn in March this year. Yet Jimmy had a couple of runs, who were expected to make his title. And through all that, people just accepted Carter as a good champion, without any need to care about him—or don't him.

When a boxer reaches the stage where thousands roll up to see him fight, every time the name appears in lights over the medium portable, then he is an idol. He enjoys seeing his name in lights; he sees people pointing him out in the crowd, he uses his photo in the newspaper

nearly every day of every week. The fact whether he never up to the legend class usually takes place after his retirement. Young Goffe, the Australian full-of-the-wings has been a legend throughout the century, Les Dampy is a legend, and the legend of Dicky will never die. Never will it be generally admitted that we have had greater middleweights in Australia than Len. I think we have, but legends are hard.

America has three Stanley Ketchell, their middleweight champion of 1908-10, also the legend class. Since his death, he has been used as the yardstick in America. When later champions have sprung into the light, just as Dicky is the yardstick in Australia, America has other legends, too, all of them champions of the past, most of them dead. John L. Sullivan is still a legend years after his death; Joe Gans, former world lightweight king, is also a legend.

Jack Dempsey is a legend. He is enjoying greater popularity now than he ever did as champion. When he was champion he was disliked by a section, but despised by subjects. Then he lost his crown to Gene Tunney, a silent Shakespeare lover and the lone mountaineer from the old Montana Miner. Dempsey was more fun by his defeat than he ever did by his victories. And when Tunney repeated his victory over Dempsey in the Battle of the Long Count, the audience gave him round after round from popularity, while the mobster, calling Dempsey fraud, himself forced to the legend class.

Tunney, possibly the greatest heavyweight of all time (that is a matter of opinion, but at least he was one of the best), was never a legend, an idol or even popular. He had the misfortune of following a brilliant champion who peaked during

into his fight. Tunney, an audience boor, was the complete antithesis of Dempsey, and the little Jim, who had forced Dempsey on occasion, liked Tunney.

Tunney gave Louie Charles a preview of things to come. Tunney followed a great download, as did Charlie, who followed Joe Louis. The Brown Bomber was an idol, indeed he was rapidly becoming a legend when he was unmercifully knocked out by Max Schmeling in 1930. That breaking down of the monolithic barrier opened Joe's chances of gaining the legend class during his career, even though he went on to greater heights and dethroned Schmeling in one round in a return bout. But Joe was an idol and he may be considered as one of the all-time greats. In a few years' time he will become a legend.

But Charles, who followed Joe, was a colorless fighter compared to the great Brown Bomber. Yet, look at Charles' record. It compares more than favorably with most of the heavyweight champions of the past. And he would meet E.O. Volante then any heavyweight king, bar Dempsey, Lewis and Cawood. And, unlike the great British Georges, Charles has retained the last of his name and was not hampered with stigma. (Stigma who carries fight?)

The man who succeeds an idol in the throne always has to battle public opinion. To have the crowd on his side, he has to be better than the previous champion and as colorful. If he has these attributes, then he can overcome the antagonism with which he is met. But it will take him a long time.

George Carpenter was one of the few men who reached the legend status in his own time. The Frenchman was more than an idol in France when he was fighting, and whenever he suffered defeat, all

France mourned. It was a tragedy.

Jimmy Wilde became a legend in his own time in Great Britain. The great little Welsh lightweight was probably the best lightweight of all time, but that alone did not place him in the legend class. What did?

Vic Petach, the Australian lightweight champion, reached the legend class in Australia while he was champion. Vic was the most popular fighter this country has had since Barry. Who could ever forget the scene at Sydney Stadium that night in September, 1937, when Vic was knocked out in the 12th round by Freddie Dawson? The packed stadium of over 14,000 from stock steel still, there was not a movement nor a murmur. Vic was there, say like in that crowd for over three quarters. Then Vic waved to his fans, to show he was O.K. The cheer he received was even greater than he had received in victory, they were cheers that are reserved for idols. Vic was O.K., and those cheers were poignant with relief and affection for a great fighter.

Yet, although Vic was loved more than any fighter since Barry, the greatest download in the history of Australian boxing was the winter championship of the state period—Tommy Burns. Burns has packed Sydney Stadium in 20 fights. He rallied, made a comeback—and packed the Stadium again. He retired again and made a further comeback. And in 1933 Sydney Stadium was packed to the rafters once more. The fight? George Stevens v. Tommy Burns! Stevens poised great laurels, the new weight king, did not pack it; he had fought at Sydney Stadium many times before and had never convinced him of it, although he was always a great traveled player and a good fighter. No, it was Tommy Burns who filled the Stadium that night. Burns, no longer the fighter of yesterday, but a

clever fighter, who that night was beaten. Yet all the fans were with him. It was a Burns' house.

What is the secret of Burns' appeal, the man who filled Sydney Stadium more times than any other fighter, who could add to his 15 full Sydney Stadiums when he was opposed to a man whom everyone thought would beat Burns—and did?

Burns was a great fighter, but we have had greater. He was energetic to watch; he fought hard, he engaged in the greatest fight ever seen in this country—in 1907, when he knocked out O'Neill Bell in 11 rounds. He figured in five more of the greatest fights since, fights that were the equal of almost any that have taken place in Australia. Perhaps that is why he packed the Stadium? Not altogether. The man had colour. He still has, he will pack the Stadium when he is 40, if he is still fighting.

Yet there are many who do not like Burns. Women are about him; perhaps that is why a number of men do not like him. Automatically and unconsciously they rebel against a figure who is so popular with their womenfolk. Even though that instinct be banished from Burns from a distance.

Always—or nearly always—there were those who wanted to see Burns beaten. But when he was beaten by Burns, the WHOLE crowd was with him!

One of the most loved fighters in Australia's pugilistic history was Doc Sante. Doc, although everyone regarded him with affection, due to the type of man he was, he was beaten more than most champions. If Dave knocked out his opponent early, as he often did, the crowd howled because they felt that they had not received their money's worth. If Dave was on points or if he won by a knock out in a last round, the crowd hooted again, because they thought he should have

knocked out his man earlier. Yet those hours were not at Sand's Mic, but at his display. For all that Dave was the best middleweight in the world and the best middleweight I ever saw. The great Ray Robinson, regarded by many in America as the last middle weight of all time, would not fight Dave unless he got 45 per cent of the gate. "I want a lot of money in fight that guy," said Robinson.

Sands was not a legend; he was not altogether an idol here, although he was with many. His case is a paradox. But he was one of the most loved men who ever donned a boxing glove.

Tom Richards was an idol. He is developing into a legend, years after his prime.

Ambrose Faloney was one of the most popular fighters this country has produced, but he rarely left the stadium. He was regarded as a machine—a machine which was almost perfect—and few just naturally expected him to win. But when he was stopped by Leo Kelly, Faloney suddenly became an idol. The fans realized that he was human after all.

Jack Carroll was the greatest within this country but was forgotten and he was anomaly would have been a world star had he fought for it. But Jack did not let popularity gook until he was almost thirty years of age. He fought before many empty seats for his 15 years in the game. Then suddenly the fans took him into their hearts and Jack drew one of the eight largest crowds in Australian boxing history. Those crowds were drawn to his epic battles against the world's leading writers, and Jack won all three fights. Although never regarded with the affection that was accorded Patrick and Sands, Carroll, nevertheless, is an legend still now.

Fabulous sympathy made Jim Reddock and Jimmy Joe Walcott popular champions. Both came from the

country with bids from the wider-scope in the beginning, to annex the world heavyweight title. Number two is a great champion. Ray Robinson, though not liked so much personally, although he had many wonderful characteristics, was adopted by his ability and he remained on the legend class, and will be fully reinstated there as soon as come.

Englishmen received Doncaster Billy Wells and Freddie Mills when they were fighting. Wells was one of the cleverest boxers of all time, but he could not take it and was labelled the "horizontal fighter" in U.S.A. Yet he was a real lad in Great Britain. Mills, who came down every distance to annex the world light-heavyweight title, was always a hero in England. His brand of bulldog fighting typified the English spirit; perhaps that was the main factor in his popularity. Perhaps it was that he never offered an excuse for a defeat and could joke about a losing he had just suffered. Wells' popularity stemmed, in part, from the fact that he was such a brilliant boxer of the old English school. In part it stemmed from his sponsorship.

There are reasons for popularity. A fighter with colour, the indefinable character, which you either like or know not, will always attract the crowds. His methods in the ring—sportmanship will make the crowd roar accordingly, while his character and code of living will enter his popularity. He can become an idol with colour, good sportsmanship, clean living, modesty. But when does he become a legend? If he falls into that category after his retire, it could be because most people live in the past and remember the great affectionately. If he becomes a legend in his own time during his career, what then is the reason? What is that goes which causes him above the odd class? And in what class will Jimmy Corbett be years after his retirement?

FLIGHT through hell

CHARLES CRICKSHANK



Mackinnon and Miles decided to negotiate a Mervle stretch in bad weather. It was a mistake

THERE was great excitement in Calcutta on the morning of Saturday, August 18, 1952. The first men ever to attempt to fly round the World were due to take off from the Hooghly River, near the city, in their seaplane.

The men, Captains MacKinnon and Miles, were flying a new, single engined, Farley biplane, fitted with floats for the round-the-world attempt. They had left London nine weeks before, and after an adventurous trip to Calcutta, were starting on the next leg—a 200 mile flight to Akyab.

Despite warnings of strong currents, and a leaking port float in the Farley, the men decided to leave Calcutta on schedule. They agreed on being in the air no more than five hours, even with high headwinds. If they ran into trouble they said they would alter course for Chittagong, only 110 miles from Calcutta, but south of their intended route.

So right on time the two firm clung on into their cockpit, waved to the Calcutta crowds, and slipped their moorings. The plane moved off down the river, clattered up over the red tops of Calcutta, and headed off towards the Bay of Bengal.

Twenty-four hours passed and MacKinnon and Miles had not reached Akyab. Nor had they landed at Chittagong, their alternative port. No planes were available for an air search, so all ships were alerted. But by Monday night the position looked hopeless.

Then, on Tuesday, just as the search was about to be abandoned, a tramp steamer arrived at Calcutta. "Drew out

An old Shakespearean study, who long ago was reduced to taking parts in broadcast programmes, stopped a friend recently and explained that he had discovered the perfect storm bomb shelter. "It's my agent's office," he said. "There hasn't been any radio activity there for months."

and south of Lubukdusuk. At 6.45 a.m. Petrol short enough to blow smoke made Adviser Chittagong to keep a lookout for us from afternoon Tuesday. Living on milk supplied by natives as exchange for sugar, Chittagong, MacMillan and Maha.

The plane had run into very strong headwinds, which made them alter course to Chittagong. Then the men saw fit that they should run back into the open cockpit. The wind increased to a gale. Down it steadily increased, they were only 24 miles from Chittagong when they passed over a little island. Then, just as the wind disappeared behind them in a spout of rain, the motor cut dead.

Not knowing what was wrong, MacMillan, who was at the controls, swung the Fairy down, and made a hasty, "dead-stick" approach in the howling waves below. The Fairy hit the top of a wave, skipped across two more, and smashed right into the next one.

Surprisingly the plane held together. MacMillan shouted to Maha to get out on to the wing, and help steady the wildly swinging machine. He

clashed out onto the other wing, and cursed on the auxiliary petrol supply. Expecting to be scrapped at any minute he frantically swung the engine over. It fired once, then took into a steady rum. They had only run out of petrol.

Relieved, the two fliers swung back into their cockpit. It was impossible to take off in the pounding seas, but with the motor going they moved back to the island. There they ran out the plane in the calmer shallows, and inspected the damage. One elevator had broken, but other than that no more trouble could be seen.

MacMillan found they had come down over a small native settlement called Lubukdusuk. It was from here that they got food in exchange for sugar, and purchased a mule to travel to the nearest telegraph office with their message to Calcutta.

On Tuesday the sea had calmed down enough for a take-off. So, the two airmen packed up the airplane, fired up the natives, and took off for Chittagong, only 34 miles across the Bay of Bengal. The trip should not have taken more than half an hour, but for MacMillan and Maha that last 34 miles was packed full of the most terrifying horrors, the worse ones in their round-the-world-flight.

After they had been airborne for no more than 15 minutes the waves began to rough. Water must have reached the petrol, and the motor was losing power fast. The plane began to drop towards the sea. Realizing it was impossible to make Chittagong in the air MacMillan put her down gently, and set off to nod towards Chittagong, 17 miles away.

Soon the plane flew the marshes. But as they watched clouds began to form, and it disappeared behind a rain squall. The first gusts of wind hit the plane. The water dashed, and whipped up under the influence of the rising wind. Then they were

right in the middle of another savage monsoon.

Waves rolled down on to the little plane. The motor, already failing, began to miss badly, shooting out flames and smoke. Then, a wave, bigger than the others, hit hard, and the propeller was turned away.

Without propeller the motor sputtered up the rev scale, shaking the whole machine with its bad vibrations. MacMillan quickly cut it dead before it shook out of its bearings. The first crew member, with monsoon behind it, swept on to the open sea.

Through the night the three open cockpit sat riding from wave to wave in the wind and rain huddled down upon them.

In the first, half-light of morning the men noticed that the petrolium, which had been in bad shape before they left Calcutta, was making worse. The Fairy was starting to list. In an attempt to keep it upright, Maha crawled out on the starboard wing. But soon the fair got worse, and MacMillan had to join him.

For hours they just sat on the wing. But it was obvious that the plane would eventually capsize. Another hour passed, and it began to settle by the nose. MacMillan moved, and moved on the tip of the starboard float in an effort to balance it.

Then a great shudder went through the whole machine. It rolled right over, throwing both men into the water.

Only the bottoms of the floats were above water now. A few feet long, and less than three feet wide, they had a thickness of no more than eight inches at their highest part, and curved down into the waves at both ends. Up on to these the fliers wrangled. They were still secure, in the middle of the shark-infested Bay of Bengal, but the men had quivered, and the men were safe for the time being.

There was no food or water, and no shelter from the hot毒毒 sun. Mac-

Millan had lost his shoes and socks when the plane turned over, and his feet were beginning to blister. All day the two men lay on the upturned floats as the Fairy rolled up and down on the swell, drifting with the tide.

Towards evening MacMillan sighted land about a mile away. Frantically the two men clapped, determined to return. But, across the bay came two dark shapes, cutting the water with their hulls. Slowly, two Harpoonhead sharks began to circle the plane.

MacMillan looked at Maha. His only hope was that MacMillan could speak. They watched the nondescript sharks lunge hopelessly at the tide current, and swept the Fairy back to the open sea.

It was now Wednesday evening. The boys had been drift in the Bay for over 60 hours.

Frantically, naked by chance and hunger, the two men clung to the upturned boat all night. At dawn they noticed the tail of the Fairy had come to the surface. It was floating at an angle then suddenly the bulk of the plane was broken. Pairs of wood and canvas were drifting about in the sea around them. The machine was beginning to disintegrate fast.

Once again the oil started flowing towards land. It could only a mile away, but they could not have been a minute in the dangerous sea when them all they could do was sit and watch it fate again, at the tide turned.

This time a real rip developed, for every minute the water boiled and chattered, spinning the plane madly, tearing at it, and breaking it up. Then, as suddenly as it started, the oil rip stopped. They were still afloat, although the plane was sinking lower in the water.

Suddenly MacMillan saw a sail reaching into the water he grabbed a piece of canvas. He blundered fast for ground, he struggled up, and began

he were the victims. Makins tried to rise, and slipped. He did not go overboard, but tore his leg open on the sharp edge of the boat. Creeping on the floor he writhed in pain while MacMillan kept on working.

Sobbing with pain from his blistered feet, MacMillan stood there Makins, although still in agony, began to splash water on MacMillan's feet to wash them. The boat kept on moving. It got within a few hundred yards. There could not be more on the deck, but it turned away and disappeared.

The two men, now in the last stages of exhaustion and disappointment, fell down on the floor dragging themselves by互相牵扯 than by any real thought of what they were doing. All day they crawled on a sea that was now like glass. Their clothes were all tattered, and the blinding heat seared through to the under skin of their bodies, burning and blistering it.

MacMillan's feet were in a shocking state, and Makins' leg could not be moved without inflicting agony. The sun had scorched into the open wound, and he was weak from pain and loss of blood. Around them and the floor of waiting sharks. Beneath them the remains of the battered *Enterprise* rocked and grinded, slowly breaking apart, hour by hour.

An evening approached at get cooler. The sharks disappeared and MacMillan reached over the side to splash his face with water. As he did so his eye caught a shore beside the floor. The water was streaming around it. For a few moments he looked; his tired brain could not grasp what was happening. Then he realized. The *Perry* was not going with the current. It was running ashore.

Raising himself on one elbow MacMillan saw land a few hundred yards away. Weakly he sat up, and began to splash himself with water, trying to regain his strength. He knew this was the last chance of survival they'd

get. They would never find another sight at sea. Their only hope lay in getting the boat free from the ground, ad plane, and paddling it ashore, before the tide turned, and carried them away.

Fearfully MacMillan eased Makins into the water. His feet tangled his torn and he began to work on freeing the boat. Makins could not help his leg was too sore, and after ten minutes MacMillan realized his own strength was expended too far to get the boat away.

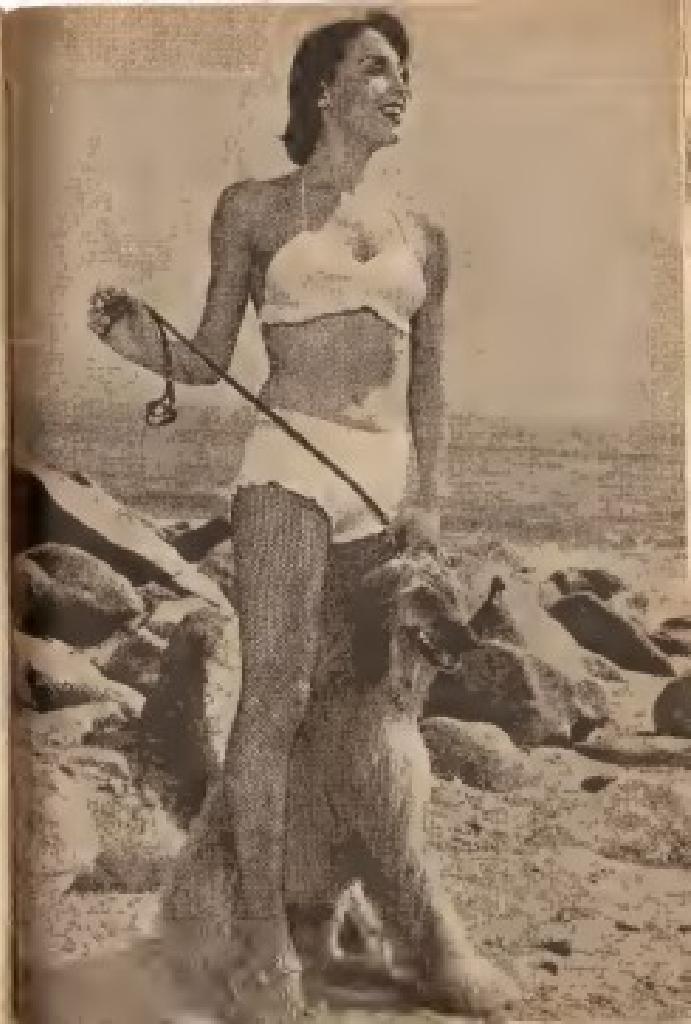
This looked like the end. He doubted if he had the strength to get back on the floor, let alone crawl in the shore. But suddenly there was a movement above him. Makins was trying to rise. His face contorted with pain.

Following his gaze MacMillan saw a motor launch. It was only a few hundred yards away, and coming up fast.

The men were too weak to speak as they were lifted aboard the launch. It was the Chattanooga Mossoor Master's vessel. He was having one last look before abandoning the search. In another 25 minutes darkness would have prevented him sightseeing them, and it had been decided to cease the organized searching after Thursday night.

In hospital at Chattanooga MacMillan and Makins told the story of their horrifying six day trip from California. In the short 160 miles they had been marooned for three days on an island with natives, and spent three days and two nights sailing back and forth in a 20 mile strip of the Bay of Bengal, only a few miles from their destination, while searching craft scoured the whole area.

The *Perry* was a total loss, and MacMillan and Makins had to abandon their attempt to fly around the world. They returned to England still with a burning ambition to make a flight around the globe.



SNAKE CHARMERS OF THE ORIENT

IVOR ETHERINGTON

They emanate playing the pipes with a weird rhythmic air. Slowly the snakes uncoil and raise their heads . . .

"SAMUEL, till the snake charmer to come this afternoon," said my instructions to our head boy on frequent occasions when we were living in Colombo and friends from Asia tribes were on a brief stay or passing on their way to or returning from Europe.

Shortly after lunch the old snake charmer with his two assistants would arrive, squat on the ground at the foot of the verandah steps and give us an intriguing exhibition of the influence they and their curious snakes have over their reptile subjects.

A display of "snake charming" by Oriental seems to have a great attraction for travellers visiting the East for the first time, both those who regard with awe and fear those loathsome venomous creatures and those who admire the gracefulness and the surpassing beauty of the wonderfully patterned and coloured bodies as they sway in the rhythm of the charmer's pipes.

The snake charmer in India and Ceylon has usually obtained his knowledge and skill or is a professor born of down direct father so son it is simply his job, his livelihood. But this is really commercialising a very ancient mystic cult, a "religion" of weird, dark mystery which has had its followers over many centuries in various countries of both the eastern and western worlds.

In the west "snake worship" was to some degree practised by the ancient Greeks, and is known to a much greater extent among the then highly-civilised peoples of Central America. The huge Aztec temples in Mexico have decorations composed of thousands of sculptured snakes in various countries, especially Egypt, India and Ceylon, snake worship has been prevalent and the cobra ("Cobras de Capilla," Nagas naga-padas), one of the most venomous and spectacular of serpents, has been the chief object of veneration.

Snake worship in the east seems to be a cult or ritual of uncanny mystery and influence among its followers, a distorted sort of religion never much understood by the white man who sees only the showman's presentation of it. Certain sects among the Buddhists of South India regard the cobra and other venomous snakes with a religious awe; they never kill them nor do any circumambulation and in some of their temples snakes are kept and regularly fed, generally with eggs.

The famous Snake Temple in the island of Pemung has a awesome collection of venomous serpents, very large ones are kept in wired troughs in the temple grounds while in the folds of the building. The many snakes coiled around the stems of small dead trees stark in large masses.

Amidst many visitors to handle these "holy" snakes without harm but, from the strong scent of hunting spores and cinnamon in the close atmosphere of the temple, it is probable that the reptiles are quite stupefied and lethargic.

In Egypt early snake worship is recorded in many ancient temples, and at the great entrance to the famous temple of Amun Re at Karnak are two enormous pillars formed of lucid white calcareous

Todays in Ceylon are to be seen many reliefs of some form of ancient snake worship in aboriginal stone sculp-

tures and carvings in natural rock.

A place I always liked visiting in Ceylon is Mikntale, a solitary mountain surrounded by jungle, which is one of the holiest spots in the world and a great Buddhist pilgrimage centre, formerly having many temples, monasteries and other buildings. Today it is in ruins and given over by jungle growth. High up on the mountain side is a deep bathing pool hewn out of the solid rock in ancient days—it is called Nag Pekana, the snake bathing pool. This pool is 100 feet long, deep and sheltered looking with its dark green, icy cold water. On one side is overhanging rock and an 80' smooth rock is carved in high relief an immense five-headed cobra, each head sp-ringed with its hood erect and expanded as if ready to strike.

This great snake carving was made by the Sinhalese soon after the introduction of the Buddhist religion into Ceylon three hundred years before Christ, so snake worship was connected with the old religion of the Sinhalese.

Rambling. An Aficanian summer once, I arrived at the snake pool, after climbing for many hours in the maddening heat, moist atmosphere of the tropical jungle. I thought a cooling swim would be delightful, an invigorating dip in the cool water, but the sight of that massive cobra on the rock, facing me and the thought that venomous water might be lurking in the depths of the pool proved too suggestive. I did not have that second.

My snake charmer was standing at the foot of our verandah steps, politely saluting in our Australian visitant and ready to show off his art I asked. I had known the old fellow a long time and he had always been ready to perform for us. He was a rough - untaught, wildely - experienced fellow, whose age was indeterminable,



but I would say he would be in his sixties.

As I looked at him my mind went back over the story he had told me. He had been born somewhere in the North-West of India (he was not very exactly where), and he had served in the British Indian Army as a young man. He had served during the Mutiny. He had been serving in Lord Roberts' When that famous Field Marshal had been a soldier in the Indian Army.

In his collection of documents, which included instruments of pain, hooks and stakes, odds and ends, the old snake charmer had an old cracked paper, much handled and discoloured—"his charter," he called it—a single sheet bearing the manuscript name and signed by Roberts, his former master.

What he did after leaving the Army, I do not know, but he was rather old when he became a snake charmer. In that position he had engaged a couple of assistants, and together they had made their way through India to Colombo, where they had settled.

During our conversation, he told me that there were wonderful days in his country with beautiful "hut and pull." He is in the winter. As we were due to go to England before long I asked how to get me three good men in skins, and gave him the money he sent me the pots later on from my trip up the north-west of India. They were really fine. I despatched them to London with instructions to have the former make them up and send them to Port Said to await our arrival there. It was very cold when we reached England and my wife was very glad to have the hats. They were a pleasant reminder of the old snake charmer.

As I watched the old man shake out his pots, I noticed the singular bearing. I once more noticed his face full of character, with its deep-set, glowing eyes of hypnotic

expression, I noted his clipped moustache and stiff, bushy black beard. He must have been a fine man in his youth. A voluminous turban with a large silver front-headpiece increased his dignified appearance. His other adornments included a fine necklace of amber, a heavy gold bangle on his right wrist and a round snake ring on his little finger. The instrument he used in his snake charming set was a large, curiously decorated pipe. The snakes were coiled around its various nooks and corners.

The act itself is very interesting. Squatting on the ground the charmer goes into his ritual. He has two assistants take off the covers of the baskets to show the various snakes apparently sleeping within. They make mystic incantations and commence playing the pipes with a weird rhythm, all accompanied by the thudding beats of the congas.

Slowly the snakes awaken, raise their heads, apparently whizzed by the shrill noise of the pipes. The Japanese lady raised herri expands her hood showing the peculiar spectacles markings on the head and constantly shaking with the linked songs. He moves to and fro to the rhythm of the music and follows the movements of the charmer's hands, his eyes all the time on the man.

The other reptiles include a giant king cobra python which is not poisonous, and the very venomous "mambas" or Russell vipers very deadly snakes and indigenous only to Ceylon. All these are freely handled, almost contemporaneously, by the three performers. They warned one of our visitors to have the pythons unhooked from the earth for a souvenir photo. But he wouldn't be in it. The poison canes are no doubt periodically measured. There was one charmer at Calcutta who formerly used to make his snakes tail display them to passengers on board boats so the girls he had

probably snuffed recently takes his last performance to extract the venom from. Backed by the loud whistle of a lancha the colouc struck the charmer on the hand, and he said that day that would charmers rarely suffer from their profession.

The old man once informed me that when obtaining a wild snake it was necessary to charm and influence it by certain secret incantations which enable one to quiete it and then it could be handled without harm. Snakes themselves can also say that strong certain vibrations from the human which, they say, control the snake and give the蛇man power over them, and that once snakes that will serve they will never bite the man.

When the colouc bites, he needle like fangs go into the victim's flesh

and at the same time the venom is spewed down the mouth into the blood. Death from the poison of a cobra or Russell's viper is rapid for it paralyses the nerves and produces heart failure.

The charmers have certain repeated calls for snake bait; if used in mass & dark green powdered poison smoke is used to extract the poisoned blood, while some plants root, including one of the artemosias, are claimed to be efficacious cures.

With all the preparations and their bark the snake charmer can control the reptiles without fear. The audience, about three, and after a period of several minutes, the weird music fades in a whisper and the snakes are returned to their baskets, where they sleep until the next performance.



"Mother, I worship the ground you walk on . . ."

patterns of pulchritude





patterns of pulchritude



Ghost In the Gallery

It was almost as if he were something out of this world — no ordinary mortal could wrench back this girl.



FICTION

JOSEPH CONRADINE

THAT afternoon Linda Carree possessed her husband. She possessed him with desire.

At an afternoon, it was a rainy, dreary one in late autumn. The downpour made the Henryk Art Galleries glint in the wet like a dark green marble tomb.

Linda Carree stumbled round with a dazed, long heart; right past Mr. Thomas the floor director. Mr.

Thomas stopped talking to the news boy with his sudden bundle of papers and stared into the gleamy interior after her.

She was wearing a black plumed coat and blouse; like her folded, drooping transparent umbrella was suspended in her pale hand. Late when Senator Turner was investigating the market, he described her as having a fascinating frame and a head

full of brown silken-waved curls. Her eyes, as long as an Egyptian queen's, glared with fury.

Robert Angell was waiting for her in their usual room. He was an eccentric artist with various shell glasses and a scrawled face. But he was young. That was all that mattered to Linda.

When she saw him, she went up possessively. He raised his arms and she snatched onto them and she caught him fell on the patterned chair, always knocking him back into the Third Dynasty vase.

"I killed him!" she sobbed. "I'm not of him. Bombed! I did! I didn't."

He picked her head around to see if anybody was within earshot. There was no one else there at all. At that moment he was as near as possible to her had ever been in his life.

It had all started eight months ago when Linda married Robert Carree.

The marriage was the culmination of a hasty romance that began in the autumn four months before. It had been a gay day when they'd met. The earth and the sky had the same unmaterial, liquid glow on the day they had met. And Linda, set for a festive swirl, was lost. A mist appeared suddenly on the path. The wild wind in the trees seemed to sheet and try to sweep her.

The man showed her the way back to the bus line. As they walked, they talked. Linda became intrigued by Robert Carree. There was not too great a difference between their ages. He looked about forty and she was twenty three. And he had money. In contrast to tall Wall Street by the mass. When others failed, he began rather. He had rich relatives, drive.

She married him.

There were whisperings about Carree. Whisperings about his association with unpredictable things that went on behind certain closed doors in Washington Square. Things that

had to do with womenfolk and vanities. Some people even went so far as to say that Linda had married him for herself.

During the last three months Linda had repeatedly and innocently tried to mention "more money"—Robert Angell. She had been introduced to Angell by Carree himself. Angell, a silentious workman with the brush, had been using Carree as a subject in one of his art work called "Statues in the Supernatural". Aside from going with another man's wife, smoking a cigarette and snatching passes, Angell had few vices.

Now in the dim, dreary gallery he tried to console Linda. Bit by bit, she told him about the most real and the less genuine of dreams in the art, and how she had hurried out of the house after she'd seen him drink at the quietish witness his check agony.

"He was a 'miser,'" murmured Angell. "I realize that now." The glass of the sun on the stained glass windows blazed their vision. But, nevertheless, what shall we do? The police will find—." The narrated looked in her face at the number of police made him nervous.

Number of them seemed to think about police. And they clung to each other quivering with apprehension in the long shadowy gallery.

Sometime was walking toward them. Walking with a slow, something deliberate tread. They both turned their backs in that direction to see who was coming.

Out of the沉沉的 grey light leaped a singular face. A tall, bony man; was driven back, exposing sharp animal teeth in a steel grin.

Linda made a sound as if she'd been struck.

"Angell," gasped. "Carree?"

"My dear sweet wife"—the voice sounded squeakish—"insisted on this room. Do you believe in ghosts, Angell?"

Angill was lead colored. But he would not ground. "We didn't your name there."

"Follow me and we'll you drag!" came the taunt.

The apparition whistled and went back rapidly the way he had come.

Linda stared dizzily at Angill. Then I didn't—"

He responded for her hand. "No, you didn't poison him. Come on. We'll go home."

Oh no! Gordon No. He's up to something terrible. You don't know him I do.

"Well be careful!" he urged.

They started off blindly, walking Gamma to the last glow of the deserted gallery. As they turned the corner, they saw the thing from hanging with the shadows a good distance ahead.

The whole building was deadly still save for their footsteps, their quick breathing, and the steady roar.

The man ahead had whisked around the next corner. They heard his footsteps break over a sharp rust. They turned the springing and clanging of a glass door.

On the wall near them a small sign with gilt lettering and an arrow said *Antiques Office*.

Angill drew cautiously to the tree around which Gamma had wrapped little pointed on his collar. They halted.

NOW they could see down the next wide hall and across it as far as the first carved door, which was marked *Travers*. It was diagonally across from the corner where they stood. The closed door was, except for its wooden frame, sheer place glass. They could look directly into the room.

They saw a lighted floor lamp set in the left and near standing beside the lamp, gazing out at them, was *Cheese*. They saw her mouth open her arms and pull the lamp chain. The

light was dimmed. Her hands were

down and the ball became one vast shadow.

Angill stumbled for a few of wooden matches and struck one. He took a step toward the *Travers* office door.

Linda caught him restrainingly by the arm. "No, Angill! Don't go on!"

"Please, Linda!" he implored, nerves ragged. "Let me get the maniac out with."

She let go. Like a will o' the wisp, he crossed the space in a half dozen strides. The shadowbook rattled loosely in his fingers and he swung the door open.

"Don't come in, Linda," he warned her over his shoulder.

The same muscle in his hand was still hanging when he grasped for the lamp chain. His hand brushed against the bulb. It was warm. He found the chain and pulled it. Hanging over the twisted black switch stump, he swung around. His arms were spread, his body powerfully.

He saw Linda standing squarely in the office doorway. He was—awfully close.

Gordon had recovered with the turn out of the light.

Then Linda's stepping noise of breath made the short hairs at the edge of Angill's neck bristle. He peered around the edge of a single desk to where she was passing.

A girl's body was spilled there. Her skull had been crushed with one blow of the silver minotaur that was lying by her. The minotaur was an iron sphere and its long neck made an ideal handle.

You could almost hear the shrug of their bones in the still room. Angill recognized whose body it was. *Faythe Kensington*.

"You ready?"

He touched the girl's hand. It was warm and limp. She had just been killed.

Linda heard a movement at the hall behind her. She took one hurried

step to Angill's side. They turned.

In the doorway appeared a helplessly little man with a baldish head and gleaming eyesight on a wide black ribbon. He wore striped pants and what Senator Banner called a *costume* to play out. As he stood there poised, his legs bent backward at the knees. Like others. He was George Himeshaw, founder and director of the Galleries. His wrinkled forehead proclaimed that he was a wonder. And his chief worry was for more money for the upkeep of the Galleries.

He trembled. "Mrs. Carruth. What ever just happened to you? Looks as pale as—"

"My husband!" she blurted, on the verge of hysteria. "He's dead! He was just in here. He killed Phyllis."

"Good Lord, no!" Honeywell's pen fell slack as he hastened to their side at the desk. He looked down, then away, biting his fingernails lip. "What a loss. She was such a beautiful girl. A trifle coquettish perhaps, but—Where is Carruth?"

"He disappeared," said Angill. "I know it sounds incredible but he vanished and there's nothing I could get in. Maybe you've seen him."

"Me?" said Honeywell. "Lord, no. I've been in the other office across the hall ever since coming back from a bad lesson. Nobody came my way."

They looked around the square room. There were no windows. It was so conditioned. The door was the only opening.

Angill's eyes rose to the snarly life-size painting hanging back with the back wall. It was one of his own recent works. It was a weirdly realistic subject called *Werewolf and Fisher*. In the shaggy hair of the painting moreover, with its prominent incisors and lower canines, no one could fail to recognize *DeWitt Cawnes*.

Angill had and *Carruth* and *Phyllis Kensington* as his models.

Honeywell shook, breath like a wet

possible. "Wait for me at the down-brush Century Gallery while I phone the police," he said. "We've got to stick together."

IT WAS known after the discovery of the murder Linda and Honeywell huddled outside the phone booth in the dragon whale Angill. Inside shuddered.

Angill, half listening to the boom of the receiver, was saying to them, "While Senator Banner was sitting for the ad I made of him during his last political campaign, he called a blue spud about impossible wonders. He must have used to hear from those he'd solved where a person left a room without through a wrenched door. The answer to each one was a single magic trick. There was nothing supernatural about it."

Linda said tremulously, "Herrings is capable of anything evil. Anything. Angill spoke into the phone again. "Phyllis' case. Montevideo Bridge. I want to speak to Senator Banner to him."

The snarled-hair girl said, "No, he isn't on. Have you tried the Spanish Club? He's probably giving bridge there, or pulling rabbits out of hats. That's one of his sights."

Angill called the Spanish Club on Fifth Avenue. The desk there said, "He hasn't been in sight all day gone to the shooting gallery on Broadway and West Street. That's one of his haunts."

Angill called the shooting gallery. A hoary voice said, "The Senator. He looked in white paper and said something about *gold* to a shooting alley." The voice broke off while someone in the background did some shooting. Then the hoary voice returned. "Big peddler! You'll catch him at DeWitt's Million Dollar poker games!"

United States Senator Brooks U.

CAVALCADE, August, 1954 77

Banner could not have been more at home in Shell's Biltmore Hotel if they had built the place around him. As he sat, he was holding his glass over a pool table, watching the lay out of the balls. The calls of his partner escaped short snorts fanned up and his red flannel suspenders made a striking contrast on a back at wide as a cement sidewalk.

He was playing a thin, dark, nervous man with eyes like a black raven's. The dark hair apparently shaded a thin, wrinkled face.

Angill was dropping off his last烟, left Linda and Honeywell through the doorway and clearer of the past room. Some of the men whistled approval of Linda and the next Banner snatched the glass for a moment to turn around for a look-up.

Linda got the full impact of his blue wrinkled eyes. He knew that to her he looked like a severely orthopedic who enjoyed conversing with blind-galets. He was a King Kong in size with a sweep of grizzled hair and blacked eyebrows. The strong, lit features give, as it had seemed to her, *And it had*.

Banner even snubbed away from her and at the others. "Good-bye, Angill." He held out a palm the size of a welcome mat. "Haven't, para nothing, thrown all the passengers."

Angill shook hands and introduced his companion. "We came to see you, Seward," he said, cordially, "about the murder."

Banner shuffled with interest like a performing bear. "What murder?" Linda started to say. "The ghost in the gallery?"

"Jumping horse mad! That one! I read the headlines. That's all I looked at. Man! I lost all the game."

Frankly calling his shot, he pocketed one red ball, then a pool ball. His dark opponent stopped chalking his cue. Banner pocketed another red ball, another pool ball. The dark man, sur-

prised, put his cue back in the rack. He couldn't bear to look at the table as the last ball sailed out of sight.

Banner was lit like charcoal and possessed his winnings, a sheaf of red and US notes. Then he struggled on to his antique truck and drove off.

"He doesn't know. You're an international pool shark. We'll all go to the Sphinx Club. You're my guest. I want to feed the elephant—seventy years old. Then we'll talk about the case over."

BANNER, sitting at everybody's selected a table in the centre of the dining room. He ordered one of his favorite rare Spanish steaks and a sample of black cods. "Make the dinner a black-burnt ménage-pas."

The others said they had already dined at the restaurant. But they or dead birds. Banner situated his bone as if it were Pops' dinner, began the whole stock and well-stocked, added his strong bacon sauce, a whole potato with butter, and buried everything under a voluminous coating of gravy.

Angill cleared his throat. "We three have been talking over what we discovered the night."

Banner lifted a plattered fork to his mouth. Said that since his son would be quite easier in a game of chess questions and crossed answers from all, so what order did you people get into the galleries?"

Honeywell said, "McPherson, the man at the front door, tells us that I was the first man in this afternoon, then come Phyllis McPherson, the dead girl, then Carson, then Angill and lady Mrs. Carson."

Linda clasped Angill's arm. "Do we know about our memory?" She seemed until she were just fading that out.

"We didn't try to hide it very well," said Angill.

Banner kept his eyes on Linda. "You

don't act like a native New Yorker," he said. "Where'd you last stand?" "Parsons, Rhode Island."

"What'd you do before you married Parsons?"

"I was a dancing teacher."

Banner brightened. "Can you do the Paras routine?" She looked at him from side to side. Banner crooked. "If you can't be helpful about Tuxedo up."

"This is certainly the time over the place for tuxolding like that," she said hotly. "I want to tell you what kind of man my husband was—it. Oh, I don't know. Have I killed him or not?" she croaked in a whisper.

"He's not dead," said Angill stiffly. "We saw and heard him."

All right," she said, trying to convince herself. "He's not dead. But he might easily—I don't know—it's all so puzzling to me." She panted and shuddered in the warm, comfortable dining room. "Borden, how did you say McPherson?"

"About forty," said Angill without hesitation.

"He looks forty," she whispered. "But he has an old look with a naked edge. He always keeps the chap locked. I'd never seen him open at. He told me to keep my hands off it. The other day I broke open the chap. His birth date is on the dial. He's fifty-one plus nine."

The sister of Johnna seemed to say. "Contented" away. The Dark Ages passed again for an instant and they seemed to have a than, muffled cry of "Wishfulfill!"

Angill put his hand on Linda's for a moment to calm her. Then he drained his whisky glass to wash himself. Honeywell sat round there, fascinated. Banner crooked up a hand with his fingers to his lips.

"She went on. "I'll never forget the first day of our marriage. He when I stepped into his red studio apart room. It has creases certain and black deeper and brass ornamental

The place always reeks of incense. It doesn't seem real. It doesn't seem as if these things could happen in New York."

"I was interested. He said, Physie will be there. Still art, as accompanying his decorated analysis." His animal teeth seemed to grow longer as he grinned at me. I sat away from him and looked myself in my room. He called through the door that if I wanted him I would merely have to draw a pentagram—a fluorite hypocrate chain on the black oak floor and he would reappear. And then there were other things, like the books about themselves in his library. And the landscapes of human skin. Today—he words trembled—"I wanted to brush with her. I made a meal for her and put five glasses of arums in her bath. I saw her sit in. But he didn't eat her—he's—he's dead!"

BANNER thoughtfully sipped his coffee with the spoon standing in the cup and almost poking him in the eye. Another of his fluorites. He said, "Three glasses would kill an adult. Where'd you get the arums by drawing *Sappho*?"

"No, no. I found it in his medicine cabinet."

"Mebbe it wasn't arsenic." "It was Sennett. My friend has got in her basement. I tried it on them. They died."

Honeywell stirred and spoke with a fog in his throat. "Only Sennett could venth the way he did."

"I was here about that," said Banner.

Angill told the story up to the time he arrived for the blacked glass dose with the match Bokering in his hand.

"Now what right thing?" Banner helped him. "Could Carson have thrown the crop in the instant of complete darkness before you struck the match?"

"No," said Angill positively. "There

glass doors made a noise when you were and close them. And from that, the doorbells鳴了 when you came in. He had no time to do it silently and we never heard a sound."

"All right. So he was all in the room so you banged on."

Angyll said, "I reached the light bulb it was warm."

The light had just been turned on. Did he wriggle out the door before you lit the floor lamp again?

Linda said, "I was in the doorway. He couldn't have got out without crossing me. Besides, I could see the whole room vaguely. There was the resonance from Berden's march."

No other exits but the door."

Nora said Honeywell shouting in No place in the room to hide."

Angyll shook his head.

Berden listened at the three of them in turn. Against which wall is the lamp?"

To the left and near as you go into the office."

And that's the only wall, or portion of wall, that you can see when you stand at the turn of the corridor?"

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"Can you swear it?" asked Linda impatiently.

"One year," answered Berden.

She said she is a little nervous.

Berden said, "I'm just another Boston American. When you people here down it handed me a lesson on a typewriter."

Forget about Carnes for a minute. I'm here on search. Has anyone a good word for Phytha?"

Honeywell looked sideways at Linda. "Mrs. Carnes, I am and emphatically, there are unpleasant things that I'm aware of that have to come out now. I happen to know that Phytha and Carnes were in love before he started you."

"The old hilly goat," chortled Berden.

Linda kept her eyes on the side table.

Honeywell continued. "They'd been in love for several years. Then Carnes quit her strength to marry me. Phytha pretended to take it to a woman of the world should, but in her heart I knew she was jealous and envious. She took her teeth at Carnes. She started him with extra time. She lied him for huge sum of money under the threat of selling you about her."

Angyll interrupted. "That's why Carnes killed Phytha." That's the entire

"Boshous possible," agreed Berden. "Going back to Carnes, I'm glad that he got out of the room without keeping me much on the floor of it. Did he get out of the Galleries?"

"No," said Linda.

"Yes," said Honeywell.

"To tell the story in proper sequence," said Angyll, "Trotta and I went to the Sixteenth Street Garage Garage for Honeywell to join us after he'd phoned the police."

Linda interrupted. "Then I heard something strange. Remember I told you, Berden?"

Angyll hesitated doubtfully. "I'm not sure."

"I am," she said. "It was a rapid clicking sound—a whirling—like a window blind being pulled down."

"A window blind?" Berden giggled like Harry Black, cyborgs.

"That's exactly what the window breaking" said Honeywell.

"No," said Angyll, shaking his head. He looked at Linda as if to tell her to stop being so silly.

Honeywell continued. "I joined Mrs. Carnes and Angyll after I'd phoned for the police. We must talk together," I said. And we did. We went first to the back door of the building. It was locked from the inside the way it generally is. The only other door is the front. We went there and found the door ajar, said McPherson, miffing as a robbery. Both of them wear-



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the Galleon—not anyone else, for that matter—but got out that way?"

"Lieutenant," suggested Banster.

"All of them being arrested?" said Honeywell promptly. "No one can use them to get in or out without an ring off our alarm. Before the police come we make a hasty but thorough tour of the whole building. It's a fairly safe place to stash. Nothing has paintings and small art objects. Galleon was not in the building."

"Huh," chorused Banster. "I know where he's hiding."

"Where?" cried all three at once.
"In a sort of alcove!"

Honeywell sighed with disappointment and shook his head. "There's no alcove in the Galleon."

Banster's ready retort was way. "The drags wanted to get me a case where somebody had it a sort of weapon. No such luck. He started picking his teeth immediately with a success-fence toothpick, as the end of a stilettoed other chair."

Honeywell said, "There we were up against it. Galleon had not only escaped from the house when he turned out the lights—he disappeared bodily from the entire Galleon."

"Did the police hunt for him when they came?"

"They certainly did. They looked into everything that could conceal a live man."

"Yeah, man," Banster leaned back and pulled a cigar into his mouth. He didn't light it. He never did. He groaned. "Galleon committed the murder when he died. That's the

picture." He looked evenly at Linda. "Do you think you'd need sugar, if you want out in the next hour or two? Of course not."

Linda merely looked at him puzzled. Honeywell said, "Where are we going?"

"To the Galleon. All of us."

"At this time of night?" said Angell, shocked.

"The guard made one last stab at losing Galleon and digging out him he escaped." He started to look around at his white surroundings and finally discovered that he was riding on it. He punched it back into shape.

"I wonder," he mused, "if I ought take some chairs with me to distract a passenger. Maybe it'd help us automobile forms."

A POLICEMAN in a gleaming positive had replaced McMillen at the front door. He shined a bare-duty flashlight in their eyes, then Banster showed him the special submarine-coloured police card.

The policemen let them into the Galleon.

Banster said to them, "That's Goye, the cop who shot it out last month with Four Finger Flanagan—the one guy."

They stood dropping in the dark room hall until Honeywell found a switch and threw it, lighting their way. Their boots rang merrily on the cold blue marble.

Tom Banster had a look into the Treasury office, where Galleon had vanished. He passed by the floor lamp and had Angell and Linda go out to

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"Additional," cried Argyll. "Of course!"
BANNER added. "Tom was your husband on record as ever having a skin disease, Linda?"

"A skin disease? Oh yes. He once mentioned having had psoriasis. But he was cured long ago."

"Oh now! The doctor's ticks. The cure is easier." Tom started away off. Another thing Argyll put the youthful patient as you please. Does this answer another question?"

Linda smiled. "That's why he looked so young!"

"I'm still bothered," mumbled Argyll. "How—?"

Honeywell returned with Captain. Seeing the blushing couple, Captain turned himself resolutely and abruptly. "To the devil himself!"

BANNER snorted. "Not just a pose up with back teeth. He killed his man. Lorraine French. Ready for the sarcasm? I told you something else was about. It's an obtuse angle. Every wheelbarrow knows that the angle of a horizon is equal to the angle of an horizon."

"What are you talking about?" said Linda irritably. She absently kept her eyes away from the wall.

"Ever notice what you see when you look in a mirror?"

Argyll answered. "My reflection, of course."

"Is it me?"
"Naturally."

"No it isn't!" said BANNER. "When you move your right hand, she left hand in the mirror moves. It's completely the reverse."

"I see what you mean," said Argyll but how does that apply?"

"When you stand at the corner of the corridor," said BANNER, "and look toward the door through which you last saw Captain, an obtuse angle is formed. It's fifteen feet from you to the Doctor's door. And then the line abounds off that door so we another obtuse angle from the Doctor's door across the hall. The floor lamp in the Doctor's office, you said, is deep on the left. The floor lamp in the Doctor's office is deep on the right. But if you saw a reflection of the Doctor's office in a mirror, the lamp'd be to the left and vice-versa—but the way it is in the Doctor's office."

You can't move that way when you move," Argyll started to blurt.

Captain was never in the Doctor's office. He vanished. Because he was never there. It was the floor lamp in the Doctor's office that he turned out. What you saw was his reflection on the glass door, made into a perfect mirror with a black room behind it. The way you can often see passengers up ahead to the exact time when you look out a train window at night." He turned suddenly with a glow of accusation. Honeywell, you lied!"

"My God!" said Honeywell groanily. You're not seriously being suspicious with that devil?"

BANNER nodded. "Worse than that, Honeywell. You killed Phyllis. You know too much about her blackmailing of Captain, not to have a whole

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bored in the place there had to be. When she got sick of being your cat's prey, you'd had her to stop her from bugging to Carter about you."

"You don't know what you're saying," cried Honeywell.

"Today the told you to go find another patient. You had to think fast. You told him to wait in the Trustee office, then you had to have time to think it over. You had to have time all night—to calculate her number. You sat alone in the Director's office. Then Carter burst in as your matrilineal twin—the story of how his wife had tried to poison him so that she could fly off with her mistress.

Carter was full of dry twists. He seemed to pass the time of the devil into those two walls as he had formed it by observation of the way the doors on that corridor were arranged. He told you all about it. You fell in with it. It was like the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle. While Carter was off speaking Linda and Argyll in the gallery, you were maneuvering Phyllis with the other alpacas. You burned out the Trustee's light. That's why Argyll found the hall still warm when

"But, lady," explained the marriage-licensee clerk to the astute, "the law compels me to record all previous marriages before I can issue a license." There was a groan from the prospective bridegroom. "Well, wouldn't that rock you—I've got a case waiting outside!"

He snarled a few short sharp words from Ward, left Phyllis's body lying there and went back into the Director's office. This light you left burning. Carter returned to you breathlessly, never suspecting that you committed a murder in the meantime. His speed was working like a charm. Linda and Argyll had the stool up and they were taking a photograph. Carter stood near the lamp by the right wall, looking diagonally out toward the Director's office door.

"When Linda and Argyll policed out again, they saw the reflection in the office door for a moment before he plunged the whole place into darkness. Argyll cracked into the writing room and Carter had every opportunity in the world to slip out of the other office and into the little theatre.

'Honeywell, you were Linda and Argyll into the Repertory Theatre lobby ahead of you. You took a moment to call the police, then dodged into the theatre to see Carter. You knew that as soon as he heard about the number he'd tell how he really disappeared. In fact, he's gone since. You had to kill him so. You knocked him out with a pleasant blow. You know all those pretty tricks you practice pads. Then you strong the man down. Carter up. Linda forced you pull down the man's pants to hide the body.' Watch him, Cayard. I didn't bring my revolver! He's a born broker!"

"So'm I," grunted Cayard. As Honeywell made a lunge, Cayne broke a clawing arm with his right hand.

Honeywell dropped, groaning.

As they went out into the main night, Linda said to Carter, "Why did Honeywell go to such lengths to get money in the first place?"

Barker snarled: "Having these Goliaths was enough to keep him books. How a guy can expect to get a nickel back on an outfit like this beats me." Art, to Barker, was just a name.

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THE TRAP IS SET

How can you all sit there, Doring's nerves screamed, playing poker? Any minute a man will walk into a trap — a trap that we must kill!

O'CONNOR said, "I'll take three." He shifted them and picked up the implements that Doring slipped off the deck. Slumping in his chair a little, he tilted his head up over his eyes and spread the cards slowly, bringing each new card into view, separately.

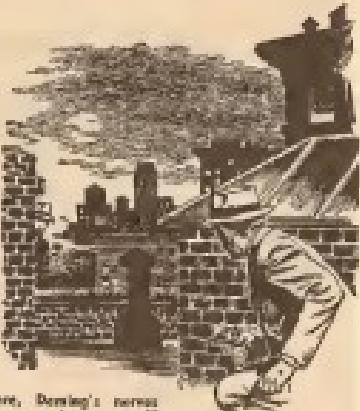
"Poker," Segura said.

O'Connor glanced quickly at Segura, then under heavy lids. "You oughtn't hold a kicker," he said. "You are breaking the promises."

Segura looked at his cards but had slipped them on the bottom of his hands. He had the hand on the table in front of him.

"If you think I'm holding a kicker," he said, "you can always bet on it."

"Poker's figured on the percentage,"



FLETCHER FLORA

share your three of a kind now, Segura." Segura left his cards on the table. "The hell with it," he said.

"Just turn face up," Czernyak said. "He looks too sheet. Too much weight."

The window had a weather blind, lowered and closed. A dark shape was pulled across behind the blind. Czernyak moved to one side of the window, lifting the shape a thin crack for his eye. From there he could get a tenth edge of vision past the edge of the blind.

The weight could be padding, O'Connor said. "Twenty to you, lad."

Doring's nerves were sweating. He was building up high voltage sailing in a hard chair looking at priceboards for fixtures. He wanted to throw in his bid and make money save. But he didn't, his didn't, because he had a full house, and when you have a full house you play it for all its worth, then for nothing. Maybe it's a principle.

He counted money and lottery.

"Harr," he said. O'Connor looked at his cards, holding in his cheeks until his lips were puffed like a capsule. With the hand that wasn't holding the cards, he fingered his pile of marbles. Big deal. As if they were hot chips at fifty per. With O'Connor, it was principle.

"Nah," he said. "It's your night, but I'm not opinionated." He showed a hand of fives and turned back, tail stuck on the rear top of his chair. The leather strap of his leather watchband tight diagonally across his thick chest, and a black cigarette was nestled under his armrest.

"How about some coffee?" Segura said. He got up and moved to a pot on a tea plate. Doring got up, foot stretching, easing the tension of muscles and nerves.

"It's him," Czernyak turned at the window, letting the shape slip



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from his fingers. Everyone looked at O'Connor, who continued as he was, looking back at the others, looking at Dunning through them. But he was still seeing Dunning now. After a moment he dropped the switch on the table and went over to the phone. Under the surveillance of three pairs of eyes he spoke briefly in gravel and hoarse up.

"Kelly, all right," he said. "The guy went into the room."

Czernowak stepped away from the window, closed his eyes and in his heart he spoke as if the young had been worse than what remained to be done.

"It's him," he said. "And there, too. High time."

O'Connor stretched, stretching high with both arms, leaning on to his feet. His eyes had gone strangely still, glancing with a desire. "Maybe. Maybe not. Let's shake at the hell up them hells outside." He was sure.

The coffee had begun to boil, and the smell of it was in the room. O'Connor reached out and picked the plug off the hot plate.

"Let's find out," he said.

O'Connor went over to his chair and dragged onto his coat. He looked for a moment at the ugly heat of his cigar and let it drop into an open saucer ash tray on the table.

"No hurry," he said dreamily. "Wait at the bottom of the big steps in the west. Klugs in the alley. Kelly's in the room across the hall. Maylor's in O'Connor, and probably it's him. If it is, he won't go any place.

He'd steer her in like a cat in a trap, and we'll take her in our own good time. Drink your coffee, Biggy."

Biggy jerked his shoulders away from him and finished his cigar.

"To hell with the coffee," he said. Dunning watched O'Connor, a little ashamed of the right presenting of his intent, the almost painful clutching of the pulse in his throat. O'Con-

nor was a tough old rascal. He'd seen a lot of this kind of stuff. He played the game as Dunning's old man had played checkers, using his traps and waiting, moving in for the kill without hurry or fuss.

Lower, Dunning thought. O'Connor called him Connie. Not Connie Rettino, which is his full name, nor even Kubasik stone, which would seem more appropriate, but just Connie. The character. The little signs of affection. That's the way the game is played. You wait diagonally down a street playing poker for matches. You wait for a killer who kills for fun, and probably is his brother for him, and who has finally made the mistake of killing a cop under the eyes of a woman with the guts to talk. You wait the dangerous hours to take him dead or alive in a trap well set, and in your own heart you hope that you take him dead, so you stretch, and you smile, and you tell him Connie, the poor dispossessor, and you hope to see his blood in a saucer of sausages.

"What I can't understand," Dunning said, "is how you know he'd come. You and he'd come to see a woman in that room up there, but it doesn't stand to reason. Whatever he is, he's bad, and he's not for murder, and it doesn't stand to reason that he'd strike out for any woman on earth."

O'Connor smiled as if he were telling a lie himself, and an element of treachery came into the smile.

"I have held come," he said. "I knew, because I know Connie Big boy. Oh, I know him like I know the palms of my hand. He's a sleek, smooth gitar of a killer. He's killed for free, and he's killed for the hell of it, and always with the brains to keep himself clean. But now he's using. Hell runs in a room with the one woman who could bring him out, and I'll take him dead if there's any partner."

He stopped talking, staring across at Dunning without focus, and suddenly he looked what he was. An old man. A used man. A used old cop with years of rough work behind him.

"I've wanted a long time for Connie," he said. "A long, long time."

Biggy crossed and grabbed his cigar case under an angry look. "Let's move," he said. "Let's get the hell over there."

O'Connor's eyes turned to Biggy, gaze sharply to focus. He laughed. "Son, Biggy, son. We're going now. Right now."

They went, the four of them, down to the narrow street between old buildings. They walked under a strip of darkness sky with the moon a sickly yellow behind an orange. Besides them, walking blind in the street, ex-cop the wind, and there was no sound, except the sound of wind touched things—the snarling rustle of a newspaper, the rustle of a package can. It was cold.

In the deep shadow of the building from which they emerged, they stopped, and O'Connor spoke tensely.

"Czernowak, pass West in the room. You'll have to go around in the alleys and in the rear. Biggy, you go with Czernowak, but stop with King in the alley. He paused, looking up at Dunning. His lips drewn back off his teeth in a stiff grin. "You're a big lad, Dunning. Big and rough. Besides you are riding your butt. You'll come with me."

Czernowak and Biggy moved away, and O'Connor moved quickly, his head thrown back, straining up at the dark building across the street.

The room's covered the rear," he said. "No sign of the street."

He crossed the roompath and sat perched, leaning at his back in Dunning's car, the hollow sound of their heads as the rough back of the old street had the cadence of a death march. He wondered wryly how long it

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 10 paces of the man was shown a parked motor-cyclist and woman. At the same time, and for an apparent reason, they suddenly drove a narrow, twisted and crooked lane. O'Connor had to swerve and his motor was unable to move, and he was unable to move any further forward. The man, who was a complete novice, managed to get away, and said all there's a constant dragging feeling. And this morning it got me back. This is the only thing I remember. There were no marks on the car at all and there are no marks on me as young as 19 who have lost these powers. Do you suffer from any of these symptoms?

He was also asked if last year it is a common habitation that your medical practitioner or optician pointed through his spectacles, because of the glasses that covered the whole character and countenance of the male.

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"Good-bye, Charlie boy," O'Connor said as a wood, light tone of real tones.

Tommy Dunning found his way to the trap door and down. In the hall below, he walked back to the room from which Captain Richards had fled. The woman was still there, sitting motionless in her chair. She had a dark, drawn face with big bloodshot eyes. They stared at each other, she and Dunning, without speaking. Dunning saw now that the woman's chair was equipped with wheels. A light blanket covered the woman's legs.

Behind Dunning, O'Connor spoke harshly. "Connor died as thou he killed."

He was speaking to the woman, but she didn't answer. She didn't even look at him.

Tommy gazed steadily at her eyes and quailed over and over in the same shock. Men without words. Men for a killer who would inspire no other grief than this.

Dunning turned again, out into the hall past O'Connor, who, following, said "Tell all the same wages."

He went into Kelly's room and rang the phone. When he came out, Dunning said, "That woman is there. She's crippled."

"Yeah," O'Connor said. "Paralysed." "What's she to Dunning?"

"She was Connor's wife," O'Connor said. "That's how I knew Connor would come. She was related here. No friends. No money. No one to take care of her. Connor had to come."

"Look," Dunning said. "Connor was a born killer. A lapdog for hire. A guy who had no right to live. You telling me he risked his life to come back here for a woman? A crippled woman?"

O'Connor "mused" quietly, looking over Dunning's shoulder at nothing, his eyes curiously blank. "Yeah," he said. "We'll just wait."

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Marriage is gone and make Mine a man doesn't give the wife rules.

A married man is a bachelor whose best friend goes out.

Most women marry for looks. They keep looking for fairer, prettier.

Asked who succeeded less to his wife, one fellow replied: "We just met; I don't blame anybody."

This man told a friend that his wife costs for fun. For food they go to a restaurant.

This chap no longer calls his wife an old hag—but says his visit to the country has found out that hers shot up at sunset.

One evening he was sitting at the window and he casually called to his spouse: "There goes that woman Charley is in love with." He had dropped a plate the was wiping, burst through the door, knocked over a lamp and cracked her head out of the window.

86 CAVAILADE, August, 1924

"Where's Where?" she panted. "There," replied her husband. "That woman is the grouch just standing at the corner." "You idiot," bawled the lady. "That's his wife." The husband nodded. "Yes, he said. I know."

When a woman is looking for the woman who has cooled her husband's affections towards her, she should not neglect to look in the mirror.

When a man cannot stand it any longer, he gets out. Then he has to pay alimony. Of course, you know this alimony if. It is money a man is forced to pay his loved-one.

An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.

And the men of the hour is the one whose wife told him to visit a new state.

Men are always asking questions and women are always answering them, but men are more the wags.

When did the family start? It started with a young man falling in love with a girl. No superior alternative has yet been found.

One thing about Eve. She never told Adam how many men she could have married.

One chap we know claimed on a few occasions when his wife died. It appears that she was cremated.



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